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The Shape of Things

WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL RUSSIAN soldiers, and civilians too, are putting up a stout fight to save Moscow. News of the battle is meager, for both Soviet and Nazi communiqués have recently been more than usually uninformative. But Russian claims that the enemy's drive has been slowed down appear to be substantiated by the absence of German reports of the seizure of new strategic points on the central front. Lengthening communications and bad weather may have forced the German High Command to call at least a temporary halt. Meanwhile Berlin is emphasizing a renewed drive in the south. The front there is now dangerously close to the Donetz industrial district, and with the fall of Taganrog on the Sea of Azov the important city of Rostov, which is one of the gateways to the Caucasus, is in imminent danger. In Britain popular clamor for an offensive in the west to divert German strength from Russia continues. It is inspired partly by widespread distrust of reactionaries and ex-appeasers in the government; it also expresses a natural anxiety to share the valiant fight of the Russians regardless of the risks involved. But strategy cannot be decided in mass-meetings. Winston Churchill is not a man who takes kindly to a defensive role, and we can be sure that when he feels offensive action can be taken with reasonable hope of success, he will not hesitate. The security of Britain itself as the one remaining anti-Nazi base in Western Europe is paramount. The island fortress cannot be stripped of men and equipment for the purpose of a Continental invasion until that venture can be mounted on such a scale as to insure against another Dunkirk.

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A TIMELY REMINDER THAT THE BENEFITS of low-cost pipe-line transportation of oil go to the major oil companies rather than to consumers comes from Thurman Arnold. In an address before the Consumers' Cooperative Association at North Kansas City, one of the best-known co-ops in the country, the Assistant Attorney General explained that pipe lines were built to the Midwest because railroad transportation was so expensive. Once the pipe lines were built, however,

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they came under the control of the great oil companies, and the rates they adopted were identical with the rail rates. The purpose in this was twofold. Had oil pipe lines been operated as common carriers at a fair profit, the railroads would have been forced to reduce their rates, making it easier for the independents to compete with the monopolists. High pipe-line rates also gave the majors a hidden rebate on any oil carried for the independents, a rare event. To illustrate the difference between pipe-line costs and rates, Arnold said that it cost 18½ cents a barrel to carry oil from Tulsa to Kansas City, but the tariff charged was 77½ cents. Arnold is now suing for recovery of all pipe-line profits over a fair return on the ground that these excess profits are really rebates, which are forbidden by the Elkins Act of 1906. Strong pressure is being brought on the Administration and the Department of Justice to drop the suits.

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THOSE WHO ARE INCLINED TO BLAME LABOR for the recent wave of strikes might do well to study the statistics on the cost of living just released by the National Industrial Conference Board. These show a total increase of 8.1 per cent in the living costs of working-class families since the outbreak of the war. More than two-thirds of this increase has taken place since January 1, and two-fifths of it since June. This is obviously but the beginning. Food costs have risen 13.6 per cent since January, and are now advancing at the rate of more than 2 per cent a month. Wholesale commodity prices have jumped 20 per cent, and raw-material prices are up 30 per cent. While some companies have granted wage increases large enough to cover the rise in living costs, this is by no means generally true. Testifying on the price-control bill before the House Banking and Currency Committee, Isador Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, declared that the price increases would cover "very substantial wage increases in the future as well as those already made." He estimated that net labor costs had risen 1.2 per cent as against a 19 per cent gain in food prices and a 11 per cent increase in the prices of durable goods. In view of the failure of Congress to do anything to check the inflationary rise in prices, workers have only one weapon by which they can hope to maintain a reasonable standard of living—the threat to strike. It is a wasteful and costly method, but unless drastic action is taken to control prices, industrial strife may reach as disastrous proportions as during World War I.

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THE TRADE PACT BETWEEN ARGENTINA AND the United States represents a triumph of the first magnitude for Secretary Hull. For the better part of his term Mr. Hull has sought to heal the long-standing breach between the two countries. The difficulties in the way of an agreement have been many. Argentina's economic ties have long been primarily with Europe. Its chief export products are competitive with rather than complementary to our own. Europe has also had greater cultural and political influence on it than has the United States. And as if these obstacles were not enough, organized pressure groups within the United States have done everything they could to prevent Mr. Hull from making substantial concessions to Argentina. In view of the difficulties, the agreement is a remarkably satisfactory one. Argentina has agreed to cut duties, or in some instances to guarantee no further increase, on a list of items representing about 30 per cent of imports from the United States. In return we have made concessions on 84 items of Argentine export. No reduction in duty was granted on imports of fresh meat despite the current abnormally high meat prices in this country, but the duty on canned meats was cut one-third. As might be expected, Republicans and certain spokesmen of the farm bloc have attacked the agreement as threatening to reduce American farmers to a "state of peasantry." Actually, the reduction in the duty on canned meats and hides will affect only a few farmers and those to a negligible degree, while some of the same farmers—and many others—will benefit by the increased outlet for American apples, pears, grapes, raisins, prunes, and tobacco, to say nothing of the indirect advantages that the stimulation of American export industries will bring them after the war. Moreover, the agreement is an effective guaranty against further Nazi inroads in the richest country of Latin America.

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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD HAS JUST demonstrated that democracy works when its adherents take the trouble to put it into practice. For years now the Guild has been bedeviled by a clique of Stalinists and fellow-travelers whose policies were hung securely on the Communist Party line and whose strangle-hold on the union was maintained by means of the unscrupulous, ruthless tactics for which power politicians and fanatics are well known. Time after time the membership woke up to find itself "supporting" some political position or some Stalinist-front organization which was, among other things, entirely irrelevant if not inimical to the Guild's primary job of organizing newspaper workers left, right, and center. Too often the membership went right back to sleep again, after the fashion of easy-going democratic bodies. During the past two years, however, world events combined with the blatant maneuvers of the Guild administration to generate a vigorous and functioning opposition. The break came at the convention in June, when the administration, hoping to ward off defeat, backed the proposal of the opposition for the election of officers by referendum; since then it has sent up the cry of unity, as politicians have done before—though it fought the cam-

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paign with its usual weapons of misrepresentation and name-calling. But when the votes were counted, the administration had been beaten in a ratio of five to three; and even in New York, where its greatest strength was concentrated, it won by the narrow margin of some 150 votes out of 2,200. We wish the Guild's new officers a successful—and democratic—career.

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IT IS EASY TO CARICATURE THE ELDER statesmen of the American Federation of Labor who met for two relatively tranquil weeks in Seattle. Confronted by the painful problem of George E. Browne, member of the executive council now on trial for extortion, the A. F. of L. moguls made every effort not to offend him; instead of dramatically ousting him from his post, they reduced the membership on the council, thus paving the way for his graceful exit. Only Brother Browne's insistence upon running compelled his associates to rebuke him by methodically voting him down. They also passed a resolution containing many lofty phrases about the evils of racketeering but offering little hope of concrete action; in fact, the chief step forward was the decision to bar convicts from central bodies of the federation. On the thorny subject of discrimination against Negroes on the part of several important A. F. of L. unions, the convention again assumed its pose of anguished inertia. A proposal by A. Philip Randolph for the appointment of a committee to deal with the problem was vigorously defeated.

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YET IN SPITE OF THESE ANNUAL TRAPEZE acts the A. F. of L. convention did make some affirmative and significant gestures. On the issue of the war William Green went farther than ever before in extending support to the President's policy of taking whatever steps may be necessary to crush Hitlerism, including aid to Russia. Not even William L. Hutcheson, America First's lone flag-bearer in the A. F. of L. high council, dared dissent on the convention floor. As for the federation's quarrel with the C. I. O., William Green's bid for peace talks seemed to express genuine conviction. Not all his colleagues share Mr. Green's good intentions, but for the moment at least the next move is up to the C. I. O.

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THE NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL HAS NEVER lived up to the high hopes of those who argued for its formation in 1936, and it is unlikely that it will be greatly improved after next month's election. Because of the light registration the Council will be smaller, but there is no evidence that its composition will be much altered. In the almost endless list of candidates, however, there are at least three whose presence on the Council would, it seems to us, help to make it a more enlightened and progressive body than it has been. Significantly perhaps, two of the three are men who have been scuttled by their parties. Stanley M. Isaacs, Borough President of Manhattan, was not renominated for that office by the Republicans or the American Labor Party because he once hired a Communist; he will run for the Council as an independent. Harry W. Laidler, who, together with Mrs. Genevieve Earle and Robert Strauss, has been one of the few real liberals in the Council, was ditched by the A. L. P. because he voted for Norman Thomas last year. George S. Counts, president of the American Federation of Teachers, is running for office for the first time and has the A. L. P.'s support. All three of these men have shown, in one way or another, that they have a genuine faith in democracy, which is something of a novelty in New York politics.

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"CONCENTRATION CAMP" HOBBS IS OFF ON a new tack in an effort to obtain passage of his bill to set up camps in which deportable aliens may be interned without trial. He is telling labor leaders that they have nothing to fear from the bill or from him, that the measure was really framed to deal with violators of the white-slave and narcotic laws, most of whom, he implied, are foreigners. Official figures compiled by the Department of Justice refute this picture of the alien. In 1940 only one out of seven federal prisoners was foreign born. The percentage of foreign-born to native violators of the white-slave and narcotics laws was even lower: only one out of every eleven persons convicted was foreign born. Since these figures cover both foreign-born citizens and aliens, the ratio of deportable aliens is still lower. It is clear, therefore, that the alien is not the chief violator of these laws. The internment of labor leaders in Canadian concentration camps and Hobbs's own record of votes against labor legislation, notably the wage-hour law, should dispose of his other contentions. In the meantime the bill is still in committee. Hobbs is afraid to bring it out for a vote.

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A BATTLE TO FREE WOMEN FROM THE FEAR of unwanted children opened twenty-five years ago when Margaret Sanger established the first American birth-control clinic in the slums of Brooklyn. It was raided by the police nine days later and condemned as a "public nuisance." Mrs. Sanger carried her case to the New York State Supreme Court, and although she lost her appeal she won a great victory because the decision established the principle of the legal and medical right of doctors to give contraceptive information "for the cure or prevention of disease." Today there are more than 600 clinics in 42 states. Most of the work is still being done by private organizations, for public-health authorities have been extremely backward in this field. But in North

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Carolina the State Board of Health has for the last three years been furnishing indigent mothers with information and materials. One result has been an impressive decline in the maternal-mortality rate. This is an example to other states. The recent report of Special Prosecutor John Amen which estimates that between 100,000 and 250,000 illegal abortions are performed in New York City every year emphasizes the crying need for more birth-control clinics.

We Move into War

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AS CERTAINLY as a dark winter will end these deceptively bright October days, so war will follow the precarious, unreal "peace" in which the people of the United States today live and dream. Events move toward this end, even while Congress conducts elaborate maneuvers over the repeal of separate provisions of a law the whole of which has no longer any meaning. War doesn't wait for these men; it closes in upon them from all quarters.

From Moscow, whose historic stand brings back the agony of suspense in which the anti-fascist world watched the struggle for Madrid in 1936; from Tokyo, where the new Japanese Cabinet talks the old Japanese hokum about "co-prosperity" in the East and "peace" with the West; from the fog-swept waters off Iceland, where the torpedoes of a Nazi submarine found an American destroyer and ended the life of eleven of her sailors; from every direction comes the unmistakable announcement that the time for self-deception is past.

The formation of the new Japanese government means nothing if it does not mean a step toward war. General Tojo may talk about his peaceful intentions and his desire for a "settlement" with the United States, but he will do so as cynically as our officials will reciprocate. The Tojo Cabinet was formed for but one purpose—to unite all the services in support of a more aggressive pro-Axis policy. This may mean quick action in Siberia while the German drive against Russia is under way and German pressure on Japan is heavy; or it may mean an attack on Thailand, which has but lately emerged from the formidable defenses of its rainy season. Or the new government may repeat for a time the tactics of bluff and threat. But it is hard to believe that it can long hang back and do nothing but talk. It was the failure of just that policy that brought the fall of the Cabinet of Prince Konoye. Eventually Japan must either act or back down; and to back down would be to give up China and the hegemony of Eastern Asia and to lose face to an unprecedented degree.

Whatever action Japan takes will sooner or later trip it into war with the United States. People who insist that we can never be brought to "fight for Siberia" or for Siam or for our right to navigate the Japanese sea fail to realize how little popular objection there is to war with Japan. First of all, it would be chiefly a naval war, and American pacifist sentiment is mainly directed against dispatching a mass expeditionary force to foreign shores. Second, it would be a war in support of American "interests" in the Far East, and even the ordinary citizen who has nothing direct to gain from such interests bristles at the notion of forfeiting them to a grasping neighbor. Third, as a people we don't like the Japanese, while popular sympathy for their Chinese victims is universal; and no important Japanese element exists in our population as a whole to serve as a focus of anti-Chinese propaganda. Fourth, several of our most influential isolationist Senators and Congressmen are strongly anti-Japanese and today would back vigorous action against Japan at the first rumor of an incident which they would ignore if it were created by Nazi Germany.

Given the slightest provocation, the Administration can lead the country into war with Japan as soon as it pleases. Given serious provocation, the Administration will be driven into war with Japan by pressure of public opinion.

I don't think the President wants war with Japan today; he would prefer to keep the navy free for possible eventualities in the Atlantic. But neither do I believe he would permit the State Department to retreat to its earlier appeasement tactics in order to avoid war. For reasons of major strategy—both naval and economic—the United States cannot permit Japan to conquer eastern Russia or southeastern Asia. We shall fight if necessary to prevent Japanese control of the Dutch Indies and of Singapore; we shall fight to prevent Japanese control of the Siberian coast opposite Alaska; and we shall fight to keep open the sea route to Vladivostok as long as Russia is offering effective resistance to Hitler.

The attack on the destroyer Kearny is a good test of public and Congressional reactions—like a drop of acid on the foot of a frog. Obviously it was not of itself a cause of war; it was war. The presence of the Kearny in the area south of Iceland was a measure of our halfway involvement. That our naval vessels may be attacked, or may themselves attack, is assumed as part of a program already in effect. The loss of life was small. The importance of the incident lies entirely in its effect. Will it make the men who direct America's destiny more or less ready to face the implications of a policy whose certain consequences were never quite honestly stated or quite fully realized?

Already it is clear that the attack on the Kearny has aroused strong indignation in Congress. Even some of the isolationists are asserting that we can't let cold-

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blooded attacks on our ships go unavenged. War will not be declared as the result of this affray, but war will have been accepted as inevitable by a great many Americans who had refused to believe it until the torpedo struck.

At the gates of Moscow the blood of hundreds of thousands of men and women is being spent through the profligate cruelty of Nazi aggression; all over Europe the lives of anti-fascist fighters are day by day laid down in the unequal struggle for freedom. That the death of a few American sailors should be required to bring home to this country its inescapable share in this struggle is a melancholy fact; but it is a fact.

These events are warnings of the coming storm. But there are equally certain signs much closer home. Every informed person in Washington reports that the defense-production program is rapidly going on a full war-time basis.

The first intimations of change were to be found in the orders curtailing domestic car production and house building. Out of the talks between Churchill and Roosevelt, between the general staffs of Britain and the United States, between Stalin and the Beaverbrook-Harriman missions has come a program for American industry. It is a war, not merely a defense, program. It is designed to make the United States a full economic ally of Britain and Russia, pledged to a scale of production which will eventually offset the *Wehrwirtschaft* of Germany plus all its subjugated countries.

This program will cost the American people at least half the national income before the end comes. They will have to do without goods they want and are accustomed to, and some goods they count as necessities. Small business men will be squeezed or driven to the wall if they cannot fit into the defense set-up. Unemployment will rise, until it can be soaked up by the war industries. Many measures will now, belatedly, be taken that *The Nation* advocated months ago: the rapid conversion of small plants to war production; the rapid extension of subcontracting. The strain of the effort will be tremendous; and it will hurt.

A war-production program of such magnitude is endurable only in time of war. Men and women must feel themselves part of the struggle to be willing to sacrifice their comfort and much of their freedom for victory. Before its total, uncompromising demands are laid upon them, the people of America must learn that this war is their war; that they cannot dodge it or buy their way out of it; that they must fight it because fighting is the only alternative to surrender. And surrender is the prelude to slavery.

Perhaps it is just as well that Berlin and Tokyo are going to such bloody lengths to teach Americans this lesson.

Tokyo's Choice

THE resignation of Prince Konoye as Premier of Japan was expected. For weeks it has been apparent that his usefulness to the military clique had about reached an end. Wisely or unwisely, he chose to risk his political life on the possibility of bluffing the United States into an acceptance of Japanese demands in China as the price of peace. The bluff was called, and Konoye had no alternative but to resign.

His resignation and the selection of General Tojo as his successor have undoubtedly brought Japan to the brink of war. But whether Tojo will take the final fateful step is still uncertain. The change in leadership is not so drastic as many commentators would lead us to believe. Konoye was no moderate; he was one of the leaders of Japanese fascism; but he was a civilian. The new Premier is not only a fascist but a leader of the extremist wing of the army. Like Konoye he stands for close collaboration with the Axis. His Cabinet, although composed almost entirely of extremists, is only slightly more thickly studded with generals and admirals than the one which resigned. The main difference lies in the extraordinary power assumed by Tojo himself. It is a war Cabinet, but so, in lesser degree, have been the last three Cabinets.

If Japan is ever to take the plunge, it would seem that the hour is at hand. The embargo on oil and other war materials, which is already beginning to pinch, makes delay dangerous. Russia has admittedly withdrawn some of its best troops from Siberia to meet the threat to Moscow. The United States, while on the alert, has not made it clear that a Japanese attack on either Siberia or the East Indies would be regarded as a threat to this country's vital interests.

The new Cabinet was set up to take advantage of the opportunity provided by Russia's desperate struggle. Certainly Japan would move into Siberia if the Soviet armies should be crushed in Europe. Even the capture of Moscow might set the Japanese armies marching if General Tojo felt reasonably sure that the United States would not interfere. But the new Premier-War Minister is not sure about the United States, and for the moment it looks as if he might follow the wait-and-see policy of the two preceding Konoye governments. He has announced that he will make one last attempt at a settlement with the United States. This probably means that he will try again to induce the United States to withhold all aid from China, or at least to reduce its rapidly increasing shipments of war materials. It certainly does not mean that he will even discuss Japanese withdrawal from China.

Japan's policies during the past two years have revealed two dominant trends: determination to expand its control in Eastern Asia and fear of becoming involved in war with the United States. Every time this country has

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taken a firm stand on an issue, Japan has become conciliatory and passive. Every time our government has reverted to appeasement, Japan has enlarged its claims. By temperament General Tojo is more likely to take risks than any of his predecessors. But if he were told in unmistakable language that any further aggression on the part of Japan would mean war with the United States, even he might hesitate to take the fatal plunge. To this degree, the decision as to war or peace in the East rests with Washington.

Labor's Parliament

THE International Labor Organization—that part of the League of Nations of which the United States is a member—will hold its regular annual conference in New York City this week. At the outbreak of hostilities in Europe the headquarters of the I. L. O. were shifted from Geneva to Montreal, with branch offices in Washington. The labor parliament of the world has moved its seat from Europe to the Western Hemisphere.

One is apt to think of the League and all related to it as dead and buried, or at least destined in this time of war to play no real part in the world's affairs. Yet this conference is very much alive. Over forty countries will be represented, and the delegates will include a score of Cabinet officers from all over the world. The United States will be represented by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins and Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles. Clement Attlee, Labor member of the British Cabinet, will speak for Great Britain; a British Cabinet Minister does not leave his post at a perilous crisis of the war and travel three thousand miles in order to fulfil purely ceremonial functions. Furthermore, this is the first time the American delegation to an I. L. O. conference has included a Cabinet officer and a top-ranking official of the State Department. Most of the member countries of the Western Hemisphere, the nations of the British Commonwealth, and the governments in exile will be represented. Delegates will come from as far away as China, Egypt, India, South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia. Together they will represent the largest aggregate of anti-totalitarian forces from which delegates ever assembled.

The I. L. O. embodies a method of approach to labor problems which no other organization of similar scope employs in the same degree, and which has assumed supreme importance owing to certain elements in the war situation. It was designed as a world parliament of labor whose primary purpose was defense of the interests of labor and the promotion of social-security legislation, and it has actually secured the adoption of some seventy labor treaties dealing with such problems as hours of work, working conditions for women and minors, and safety rules. But it is the constitutional structure of the organization which is significant just now. Not labor alone is represented at the conference. Each member state is entitled to four delegates—one representing labor, one representing the employer, and two representing the government. And it is to be noted that the delegates may ballot as individuals if authority is given by a two-thirds' vote of the delegates present. Here are two principles, or methods of conference, of immense importance at this juncture of the world's affairs.

At a conference of the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O. in this country or the Trades Union Congress in England, the worker is represented in his capacity as worker only, and labor problems are considered detached from related problems of industry as a whole, from problems of the consumer, the taxpayer, the government. But the trade unionist, it is just as well to remind ourselves occasionally, is also a human being who is a consumer, a taxpayer, and a citizen, the master, that is, of governments; and as such he is in an ultimate sense also an employer. Even under socialism or industrial cooperation or communism the employer aspect of the problem of labor has still to be met.

When all criticisms of the I. L. O. have been made, it remains true that it is the first great world-wide organization to tackle the problem of labor from this point of view, a point of view increasing in importance every day because, under the stress of war, governments become every day more important both as consumer and employer, and their purpose as employer is the main purpose also of the workers at this moment: to prevent the spread of a counter-revolution which will, unless stopped, destroy all trade-union organization as we know it and reduce workers to the status of actual slaves.

This means that the worker's problem has very considerably altered in character, and the machinery for the defense of his major interests should be correspondingly modified. For the moment his main objective should be survival as a free man, and his main purpose to see that his labor, and any sacrifice he is called upon to make, should be first of all a contribution to that end. He is of course also concerned to see that the war situation is not used as a lever for destroying gains made in the past. It need not be. The acting director of the I. L. O., Edward J. Phelan, has issued in this connection two reports—"Wartime Developments in Government-Employer-Worker Collaboration" and "The I. L. O. and Reconstruction." The first of these reports shows that on the whole labor has fared well in the democracies in war time—in sharp contrast with the enslaved condition of labor in countries under totalitarian control. Yet he warns that no democratic state is exempt from danger of social and economic strife under the stress of war conditions, and that, if allowed to develop, that strife might mean the end of all labor rights.

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Washington Zigzag

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 17

IT GIVES me great pleasure to report that for the last two months no American oil has gone to Japan. This information comes to me from a source which has access to confidential export figures, a source which has been bitterly hostile in the past to our sale of oil and scrap iron to Japan. The same source informs me, however, that we are continuing to ship from 150,000 to 200,000 barrels of petroleum products each month to Spain.

We ought to be able to learn a little from experience. When Japan announced its adherence to the Axis a year ago, Secretary Hull greeted the news with an I-knew-it-all-the-time. Yet ten months passed before we shut off the sale of oil to Japan. If war comes between this country and Japan—and the possibility grows stronger every hour—the Japanese navy will be fueled for many months on American oil, and its guns will hurl shells made with American scrap iron.

It is too late to undo the errors we have made in the Far East, but it is not too late to act with more foresight in Europe. Today's cables bring the report of an interview given the French fascist weekly *Gringoire* by Ramón Serrano Suñer, the atheist who remains Foreign Minister of Spain without arousing noticeable protest from Catholic clerics grieving for "godless" Russia. Suñer again made it clear that Franco is committed to an Axis victory—how could he hope to survive in a democratic world?—and that Spain intends to extend its influence over Latin America. It pains me to report this as news, but it is news which has failed to impress our State Department.

Why do we go on sending our oil to this enemy regime? Is it to keep Franco from seizing Baku? The crisis in the Far East repeats one of the A B C's of appeasement. Wars are precipitated by a show of weakness, not strength. Japan is beginning to stir because it believes the Soviets are about to receive their death blow. What kept it quiet in the past was not our continued sale of war supplies but its fear that the forces opposing it in the Far East were too strong for a further advance north or south. We nourished an enemy until the enemy felt that it was safe to strike.

Franco is a pipsqueak we are helping to keep alive until the Nazis are ready to turn west again and use Spain as a base of military operations against England and propaganda operations against the United States. Spain today as in Napoleonic times is the natural bridgehead for a Continental invasion. We could appear to the Spanish people as a democratic deliverer rather than as a shabby back-door collaborator with their fascist oppressors. Spain, as the weak spot of Hitler-dominated Western Europe, offers an opportunity for military and political initiative, a chance to show we mean what we say when we talk of building a new democratic order. The Spanish policy, or lack of it, is a reflection of the flabbiness and the disunity on which Hitler feels he can rely for further victories in the west when and if he disposes of the Russians.

We shall not defeat Hitler by making faces at him across the Atlantic, and our War Department is finally beginning to recognize the realities. I am reliably informed that for the first time plans have been drawn up commensurate with the situation that confronts us. A program has been submitted to Secretary Stimson calling for an army of 8,000,000 men, more than 300 divisions, in place of the 1,500,000 men we are training now. If the Russians are defeated, an army of 8,000,000 is a minimum requirement for defense of the hemisphere, and probably too small for offensive operations, if any are possible in Europe. But to equip an army of this size would require a drastic reorganization and mobilization of our industrial capacity. Here again we are still faltering.

It is clear now that the reports brought back by Harry Hopkins from Moscow were much too optimistic. He seems to have thought that Moscow would hold out until next spring. The advance of the German armies again demonstrates that there is no time to fidget and fumble. The British seem to have begun to train men for the offensive too late to take advantage of the Russian campaign to open a new front in Western Europe. Our armament effort is still too low to give adequate aid to the Russians, though their defeat may loose a tidal wave of appeasement in the West that might shake our own democratic system to its foundations.

The financial and big-business influences here which have sabotaged defense and subordinated the needs of rearmament to their own profit and interest will be the first to cry for a deal with Hitler if the Russians go under. They are still a pullback influence on aid to the Soviets, though the President himself sincerely wants to do all he can. An illustration is the hesitancy of OPM circles before the British request for rolling stock, locomotives, and steel to put the single-track trans-Iranian railway in shape for shipments to Russia. The new Labor

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government of Australia is stripping its own railways of rolling stock to aid the Soviets, but the OPM wants to wait and see if the Russians can hold out. If the OPM waits long enough, the Nazis may make aid to Russia unnecessary.

Mr. Roosevelt is no appeaser abroad, but he is still an appeaser at home. He wants to help Britain and Russia, but he can do so effectively only if he has the courage to organize industry for defense. This involves great political risks, but wars are not won without taking risks. The past week has given further evidence of the extent to which Mr. Roosevelt and the Administration continue to live in a pleasant dream world and to deceive the people about the extent and progress of arms production.

Production is still most notable in the field of ballyhoo. There was the story about our war exports reaching a peak of $155,000,000 in September. This is no record on which to preen ourselves when we think of the gap we must fill between Britain's $1,000,000,000 a month of war production and the New Order's $3,000,000,000 a month. It seems even less matter for self-congratulation in terms of the vast industrial losses in western Russia, for which we must compensate if Soviet resistance is to be maintained. More worthy of attention is the fact that in the past six months our war exports averaged but $40,000,000 a month and the fact that most of the $155,000,000 in September was still made up of goods ordered and paid for by the British before the lease-lend program began.

Tanks are a necessity if the Russians are to continue to fight, but despite the hoopla statements from the War Department that medium-tank production "almost doubled" last month, it will be the winter of 1942-43 before we are manufacturing tanks in any adequate quantity. The "almost doubled," from the best information I can obtain, was an increase from five medium tanks a day to ten. No heavy tanks are in production. Light tanks, the only kind we are turning out in quantity, will be useful for combat only in case of war with Panama or Liberia. There is a great to-do in the papers this morning because the OPM has "cracked down" on a small Chicago manufacturer for using aluminum to make "juke boxes." What of the automobile manufacturers who still use metals and machines that could be turned to the manufacture of tanks?

This War Is Different

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

AFTER two years of fighting one still frequently hears that this war is just like all the others. Nazi propaganda has known how to exploit the lack of judgment of people whose abhorrence of all kinds of shooting leads them to forget who fired the first shot and who will fall by the last one. With cynical versatility Nazi agents appeal both to the bellicose spirit and to the most delicate pacifist sensitivity.

Peace and war combine perfectly in Hitler's strategy. Each new great Nazi drive carries with it the hope that it will serve to convince the democracies of their desperate lot. Success in the eastern campaign will be followed by the launching of a new peace offensive directed to the west; the experience of the past robs this prediction of any risk. But for such dual tactics to have a chance to succeed, the war must be idealized in countries where it is forging the instruments of fascist domination and at the same time be denounced as a senseless blood orgy in countries which might offer effective resistance to the establishment of the New Order. And one of the tricks in the double game is to promote among fascism's future victims a disinterest in the outcome on the ground that after all this war does not differ from others fought in the past.

The Frenchman, the Norwegian, the Belgian, the Hollander who today lives in occupied territory realizes that this war is not like the others. Belligerent or neutral in 1914, he remembers with horror the sufferings and privations of those days, the spectacle of the blind and mutilated veterans, the economic disaster that followed the transitory prosperity of the neutrals. But when he knows what it means to have the Nazis in his own home, everything he had to endure during the first World War seems insignificant. To discover this was undoubtedly a revelation for many Europeans, especially in France, where German propaganda had worked on the same lines as in America, telling the people how idiotic it was to die for England and what a blessing a Hitler peace would be for all the nations of Europe.

Though he lived at the very door of Nazi Germany, the average Frenchman, Norwegian, Belgian, or Hollander—even he who today courageously risks his life to fight the invaders—did not understand that fascism had changed the whole meaning of war; that Nazi war does not end, as the others ended, when the order to stop firing is given. He did not realize that under Hitler armistice and even peace are only deceptive episodes in the interminable process of subjugation. Contrary

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to what happened in other wars, for instance in the last one, the armies of occupation have not merely the task of enforcing fulfilment of the obligations established by the provisions of the armistice. The armies of occupation act as absolute masters, and their main task is to bring about the transformation of the vanquished nation into a state that fits into the pattern of totalitarian world order.

Never could the general in command of the French forces in the Ruhr after the last war have imagined himself in a position to mold to his whim or the whim of his government the political structure of the Weimar Republic. But General von Stülpnagel, the military dictator of Paris, knows that on the day when the little traitors of Vichy cease to obey the smallest order of the Führer he, or any other general, can liquidate in twenty-four hours the fiction of an unoccupied and independent France.

If the people of Europe, with the immediate memories of Spain and Austria and Czecho-Slovakia to guide them, had not fully awakened to the horror of Nazi barbarism when the war began, surely it is not surprising that in America a sense of security based on the three thousand miles of water that separate one continent from the other renders many people unconscious of the danger that threatens them. I hope it will not be considered an impertinence on the part of a foreigner if I suggest that the great majority of Americans do not even yet realize what it is like to live under fascism. Even some of those who are aware that the battle against Hitler is their battle have no idea—and in a way this is quite natural—what it means to cease being treated like a human being and to become a mere cog in the monstrous machine of a cruel and despotic ruler. Still more blind are those who, in their opposition to the Administration's policy of resistance, go so far as to suggest that the President threatens to turn this country into a fascist state. To those of us who have known fascism in our own flesh such statements sound like bitter mockery. And it is not unusual to hear the very people who argue that the President's policies are introducing fascism here, insist in the same breath that the danger of fascism after a Nazi victory is much exaggerated, since an old democracy like that of the United States will not so easily be undermined.

Yet one of the characteristics of this war clearly differentiating it from the others is the fact that the aggressor levies against the subjugated country not only the price of military victory but also the full price of political victory. If in a certain sense it is true, as Sir Robert Vansittart would claim, that under Hitler Germany only follows the same old bloody road along which the milestones carry the dates of 1864, 1866, 1870, and 1914, it is no less true that Nazism has introduced into traditional German aggressiveness a new fashion of domination many times more brutal and complete than former methods. The defeat of 1870 imposed upon France the hardest treaty of peace until then registered in the modern history of Europe. In the enforcement of its clauses Germany did not renounce a single point. German troops remained on French territory until the last cent of the indemnity, plus interest, was paid. But with all that, the Germany of Wilhelm I did not dream of crowning its victory with the complete Prussianization of France. Neither did the peace that the Kaiser hoped to impose in the fall of 1914 include the adoption by France of the political forms of the Second German Empire.

But Hitler's war has as one of its officially stated aims the destruction of every democratic government and the reconstruction of the world according to the Nazi pattern. Fascism does not seek merely the establishment of an international order in which the victorious Axis powers will make all large decisions about the freedom of the seas, trade between nations, access to raw materials, and treatment of national and racial minorities; its war aims include the right to rule beyond any frontiers that may be established without taking account of the will of the peoples who live inside those frontiers.

In contrast with other wars, the present war combines foreign and civil war in proportions never known before. The destructive effects of invasion are to be completed

"Now, from my viewpoint . . ."

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by precipitating an internal struggle. The firing ceases on the battle front, but the shooting inside the lines begins. The fascist invaders encourage fascist elements within the attacked country to exterminate all who do not share the new totalitarian ideas. And not only do they encourage such action; they take on themselves the leadership of the civil war. The Nazification of the native fifth column in each country takes place with a rapidity that should serve as a warning to those who proclaim that certain things could never happen on their soil.

Nobody, for instance, could have foreseen in France that a Marcel Déat would go so far in the denunciation and persecution of those French liberals in whose company he rose to power. Everyone knew him as a politician without scruples, as an *arriviste* of the lowest kind, but none imagined him capable of such utter degradation. A few months of Nazification transformed Marcel Déat into a little beast capable of competing in ferocity with his new masters of the Gestapo. Yet in his campaigns in support of the New Order, after the French collapse, he did not indulge in any such open attacks upon the Jews as certain appeasers have been guilty of recently in countries still separated by three thousand miles of water from the inspiring example of the Hitler armies.

This continuous intermingling of external war and civil war offers to the traitors within such broad opportunities that the process itself must be considered another of the unique characteristics of the present war. Certainly it is not the first time in history that the interests of class have prevailed over the national interest. In the early Italian republics the upper classes often sympathized with their class brethren of the enemy state while the common people were heroically fighting in the defense of their native land. During the French Revolution there was the defeatism of the *Vendée* and of the émigré noblemen who feared the social advances introduced by the Convention. And Bismarck's secretary, von Busch, tells us in his memoirs that certain Parisians during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 asserted that "they would rather see the King of Prussia master of France, they would rather see their country mutilated and dismembered, than see it become a republic." However, it is the fascist technique alone which, working through the fifth column in each country, has raised the internal struggle to the level of a real operation of war.

As long as defeatism and disloyalty are limited to small groups of the weak-kneed or to those traitors who desire the defeat of their own government out of nostalgia for a reactionary social regime, the effect on the conduct of the war is likely to be insignificant. Every government in time of emergency has the resources for dealing with them, and if their disloyalty reaches the stage of espionage or of plotting, a firing squad can take charge of their elimination. But when the betrayal of the country is engineered by a vast conspiracy with ramifications in the highest administrative offices, when the army has been poisoned by enemy propaganda, and when the native fifth column anxiously awaits a propitious moment for seizing power, then the fate of a nation is sealed.

In no other modern war has the treatment of the civil population reached the level of ferocity of the fascist occupation of the invaded countries. During the last war the execution by the Germans of the editor of the clandestine *Libre Belgique* and of Edith Cavell raised a storm of indignation everywhere; and the shooting of Sir Roger Casement by the British occasioned furious protests in Irish circles all over the world. In Paris today the entire population is held as hostage. Up to now from ten to fifteen persons have been indiscriminately executed in reprisal for every fallen Nazi. The day may be not far off when we shall hear of whole sections of the city being machine-gunned. That is already happening in Yugoslavia. In his last speech Prime Minister Churchill referred to the horror that will overwhelm the world when the behavior of the Nazi armies on the eastern front becomes known. Did he have in mind the 100,000 civilians, mostly Jews, who according to reliable sources have been shot in the last two months in the Ukraine?

Here we have already a pretty accurate picture of the new European order promised by Hitler. We can easily see what sort of prospect is offered to mankind by those who, believing this war to be no different from the others and wishing only that the shooting should cease, would like to see President Roosevelt or the Pope open peace negotiations with Hitler. Fascism can think only in terms of mass executions and concentration camps. Its spirit and its goal are faithfully expressed in the significant words with which Count Ciano warned John Whitaker, the excellent correspondent of the New York *Post,* on the occasion of his forced departure from Italy: "In two years I shall look for you in a concentration camp in the United States."

It should hardly be necessary to assert that this war, in contrast to the others, has ended both the conception and the practice of neutrality. From 1914 to 1918 the world witnessed many attempts on the part of the Allies and the Central Powers to lure other countries into giving up their neutrality. But even the German Chancellery, after the original violation of the neutrality of Belgium, did not consider it opportune to accompany its *démarches* with the dispatch of motorized divisions to the frontiers of the country it was wooing. Diplomacy still expressed itself in the language of maneuver and intrigue traditional since the Congress of Vienna. Gangsterism had not yet taken its place. A country might be subjected to every kind of pressure, economic and political, but if the decision of its government was to remain neutral, it was not forced to take up arms against its will. The records

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of German diplomacy during the first World War show a von Papen abusing his immunity in ways known to all Americans. They show Baron von Stohrer, at that time first secretary of the German embassy in Madrid, today Hitler's ambassador to Franco, secretly organizing paid terrorist groups in Barcelona to kill the factory-owners who worked for the Allies. But they do not show a German envoy like Dr. Otto Bräuer tracking King Haakon through Norway in the hope of forcing him to agree to the *fait accompli* of the German invasion.

Neutrality is finished forever until Hitler is definitely crushed. Any setbacks Hitler may suffer will force him to try to find a way out through an extension of the war. In Europe the prolongation of the Russian campaign must logically lead Hitler to seek compensation in the west during the coming winter. He will probably attack in North Africa, or drive through Spain to dominate the entire Iberian Peninsula and place Gibraltar under the guns of the German army. In the Far East, in the measure in which American war material flows to Russia, Hitler will use every means to draw Japan into the war. In Latin America the interest of Hitler in sabotaging inter-American solidarity and in creating a state of unrest designed to divert the attention of the United States from Europe will continue. Thus this war, in contrast to the others, will eliminate one neutral after another. The most complacent non-belligerence has proved itself, as in the case of Bulgaria, insufficient.

Even the way in which this war may be brought to an end differs from the way others have ended. An editorial in the first issue of *Free World* warns against the delusion of an easy victory. Reference is made to the "World Party of Assassins with its ten million members and its various national branches—the German National Socialist Party, the Italian Fascist Party, the Japanese Black Dragon Society, the French Cagoulards, the Spanish Phalanx, each responsible for thousands of crimes—which will thrash around like a wild beast before facing the hour of its terrible accounting." This is not simple rhetoric. In the last war the realization that victory could no longer be expected led Ludendorff to advise his government to capitulate, even though powerful German forces still occupied a great part of France. This time it would be unduly optimistic to expect the Nazis and their accomplices, when their backs are to the wall, to surrender without a terrible struggle. Intrenched in Germany, in Austria, in Czecho-Slovakia, in Poland, they will fight like mad dogs before giving up.

That is the prospect we must face. Yet there are those who believe that the only problem is to achieve superiority in the air, who discuss the battle purely in military terms. They reject the idea of a double military and political war in which the democracies, while striking at Hitler with all the arms they can produce, would make Europe a hell for him by giving all-out encouragement and support to the ever-spreading spirit of revolt. Nevertheless, this strategy is the most hopeful method of breaking fascist resistance and preventing a prolonged stalemate.

New Light on Hess

BY LOUIS FISCHER

I THINK I can solve the riddle of Rudolf Hess and of his famous flight to Scotland on May 10, 1941.

The members of the British government who know the inside story of Hess's trip have kept the secret well. Cabinet ministers were willing to discuss many things with me but not the subject of Hess. The moment I said, "Did Hess come to Britain because he . . .," they interrupted politely and declared, "I really know nothing about that matter"; although, of course, they had seen verbatim reports of Hess's testimony and had read the long letters which Hess has written in prison. The mention of Hess immediately sealed their lips. A friend of mine who is a London editor said, "Never has so much been kept from so many by so few."

Rudolf Hess is Winston Churchill's own prisoner. He is not the prisoner of the War Ministry or of the Royal Air Force, which cross-examined him at 4 Kensington Palace Gardens, London, or of Scotland Yard Churchill himself makes the dispositions about Hess, and Churchill has imposed a strict ban of silence on all who know the facts. British ministers obey Churchill as a good class obeys an able teacher. But lesser people talk, and even those who refuse to talk may disclose something by the tone of their refusals. I have pieced together bits of evidence gathered during a nine weeks' stay in England. The result is a plausible and convincing solution of the Hess mystery.

When Hess descended in his parachute near the Duke of Hamilton's huge estate and was captured by a Scottish farmer wielding a pitchfork, he demanded to see Churchill or Foreign Minister Eden. He declined to talk to anybody else. The British government sent Ivone Kirkpatrick to interview Hess. Kirkpatrick is a skilful diplomat who has specialized on Germany and Russia. He was an official in the British embassy in Berlin dur-

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ing the Nazi regime and met Hess while serving in that capacity. He thought Hess would remember him, but Hess did not, and Kirkpatrick resented that. But no matter; Hess would not discuss the purpose of his visit. He would explain it only to the heads of the British government, he asserted firmly. Kirkpatrick, after consulting with London, told Hess with equal firmness that neither Churchill nor Eden nor any other important member of the government would consent to meet a deputy of Hitler's. For two full weeks Hess persisted in his silence. Finally, convinced that there was no use demanding an audience with the chiefs, he broke down and talked.

Hess came to Britain to conclude a separate peace. He has steadfastly refused to say whether or not he flew away from Germany with Hitler's consent or knowledge. He avoids the subject of Hitler as much as possible. He will neither admit nor deny that he consulted Hitler before his departure. But his aim was to establish peace between Britain and Germany.

In the third week of his confinement in Britain Hess announced that the Nazis were about to attack Soviet Russia. Moscow was immediately informed—three weeks before Hitler declared war on Stalin. Hess proposed that Great Britain and Germany should therefore call off the war which they had been waging since September 3, 1939. He said that Germany wished to concentrate all its forces against Russia, which was "the real enemy of Europe." The Nazis would guarantee the British Isles and the British Empire. Germany had no designs on British territory, Hess assured Kirkpatrick.

Hess also said that if Germany had to fight Russia and England, the total conquest of Russia would take a year. If England made peace with Germany, or still better helped Germany, Russia could be smashed in three months. That was where Hess revealed the weakness of his entire position, and that was why Churchill and the British Cabinet did not for a moment think of accepting Hess's offer. From Britain's point of view, it was much better to have Germany engaged in Russia for twelve months than for three. For what would Hitler do if England withdrew from the war and allowed Russia to be crushed? He would defeat Russia and then turn on England in accordance with his celebrated strategy of knocking out his enemies "one by one."

Hess has tried to convince the Englishmen who have interrogated him that Great Britain was guilty of a historic blunder when it went to war in the first place. Germany, he has assured them, never intended to attack England. Germany's enemies, he has affirmed, were France and Russia, and after dealing with them the Nazis would have lived in friendship with the British.

Hess had outlined all these ideas in a letter he dispatched from Germany to a British nobleman six months before his famous flight. The letter never reached the person to whom it was addressed. The secret police read it, filed it, and informed the authorities. No reply was sent. Hess had held these views for a long time. He had been in prison with Hitler in 1923 and 1924 and helped to introduce them into "Mein Kampf," which Hitler wrote in prison. Seventeen years later, in a British prison, Hess expounded them again to amused British ears.

When Kirkpatrick assured Rudolf Hess that no British government would ever negotiate again with the Nazis, Hess exclaimed, "You are not serious, are you?" He was shocked. When Kirkpatrick at last convinced him that Britain was serious, Hess demanded an airplane, gasoline, and maps so that he could return to Germany. He had his second shock when Kirkpatrick did not take this request seriously.

Hess had actually believed that the invasion of Russia would completely alter British policy toward Germany. Churchill, he thought, would welcome the assault on the "citadel of Bolshevism" and take Britain out of the war. Instead, when Hitler launched his attack on Russia, the Prime Minister of Great Britain went immediately to the microphone and, speaking to his country and America, promised that the Royal Air Force would now intensify its raids on Germany and German-occupied Europe, and that all possible help would go to Russia from the Western democracies. Hess was painfully disappointed. His mission had failed.

Hess now sits in prison and writes endlessly. Everything he writes goes to Scotland Yard. He is fed normally but no longer gets chicken as he did when he first fell from heaven. He is highstrung and very nervous. His wardens are all Secret Service men. He is allowed to talk to the friends who come to visit them. He tells them about Germany and asks them about Britain. He is also allowed to see the children who come to see his guards. This is said to give him especial pleasure. To all visitors he protests his affection for England.

Everything Hess has said in prison shows those who study his utterances that Hitler is still his demi-god and hero and Nazi Germany his supreme love. But it has slowly dawned on him after these many months of confinement that in coming to Britain he miscalculated. His miscalculation was based on a fundamental misconception: he assumed that the democratic mind does not change. Hess thought that because Britain appeased Germany from 1935 to 1939 it would, given the inducement, revert to appeasement now. But much British blood has flowed since September 3, 1939, and if I have brought one clear impression back from England it is that the British people will not flinch, will not slacken their efforts against Hitler and Nazi Germany. The fact that Germany is at present concentrating on Russia has not weakened this iron resolve. No matter what happens in Russia, no matter what America does or doesn't do, the British are determined to go on to the end.

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The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

III. Summer Pasturage

SUMMARY OF PARTS I AND II. *Italy's entry into the war breaks upon the Sicilian village of San Filippo as a dark rumor. The fishermen are warned indirectly by the harbor master not to take the fleet out, but they go nevertheless. The goatherd Maniscalco raises a dust in the wineshop by swearing that neither King nor Duce shall take his son Carmelo for the war. On the fishing grounds at nightfall, as the sardines are gathering around the flares, the fleet is approached by a swift cutter commanded by a fascist naval lieutenant, who orders it to put out all lights and return to the harbor.*

THE goats, that had been advancing in scattered formation, drew together as they approached the neck of land behind the Golden Cape. Confined in the dwindling passage of the valley they pressed forward with fretful movement, expectant as any man in reaching a skyline that would disclose a new land. The black, glistening herd flowed so closely around the boulders that when a goat, unable to turn aside, leaped upon one of the bronze-hued rocks, often it could not jump down without buffeting its fellows. The last stragglers crowded in around Brasi, the younger of the two Maniscalco lads. Whistling softly, his gaze moved quickly over the animals. Sometimes he broke off his tune to mutter oaths which his father would have bawled. This was his fifteenth birthday. Though he found pleasure in the press of warm bodies against his legs, Brasi pretended anger, for the animals must know he was as much their master as the hawk-faced, irascible man, his father.

"Ugly faces, oh, ugly faces," he called loudly in the Sicilian dialect of San Filippo, and then he added, quietly, for it was a man's expression and his brother Carmelo did not approve of it on his lips, "Oh, ugly souls, foresworn to the devil." His eyes darted about the herd. Goats were leaping up out of the herd on all sides, some with impatience, others to stand upon boulders, four feet close together, heads down, like sextons looking over the top of their spectacles, or heads held up to sniff the sea air blowing in over the Golden Cape. A few animals detached themselves and trotted swiftly ahead. The two dogs sprang out from Carmelo's side and ran to check the offenders.

Behind Brasi's concern with the goats there was disappointment. Why had not Carmelo signaled that Cesare, his father, was squatting beneath the bushes in the accustomed spot? Father had gone to the fishing town of San Filippo the night before, and Brasi knew why he had gone, despite the old man's caustic outburst when Brasi had suggested that a good knife would be a pleasing thing to have. Perhaps Carmelo was too intent upon a good management of the skyline crossing to signal to him. If at the critical moment Carmelo did not wave the dogs into their correct positions, scores of the black-hearted bedeviled bitches would soon be leaping all over the cliff face like grasshoppers in a heath fire.

Now the goats were quiet; only a few bleats resounded above the pattering of their feet. The dogs rose at Carmelo's murmured word and flicked themselves over the skyline out of sight.

"Come, come, little angels, little innocents," Carmelo out in front cried coaxingly, while Brasi in the rear expostulated against devilry. Brasi pushed his way to the right as his father had told him to do, and then when Carmelo cried, "Ho," and the goats broke into a run, he raced to the skyline around the herd.

"Hi! Ho!" he cried and threw stones at the animals that had already crossed the pass. The dogs barked menacingly, lunging this way and that when a goat caught sight of the sparser but more tempting grass upon the cliff ledges. Within two minutes the herd had passed into the semicircle of pasture. Not one had strayed on to the cliffs. Why was father not there under the bushes?

Brasi stood there upon the neck of the Golden Cape gazing toward San Filippo. Six miles beyond the next cape lay the fishing town with its shops full of knives. He glanced again over the length and breadth of the pasture, but Cesare was nowhere in sight. The only movement was of the wind and the few gulls on the cliffs of the San Filippo headland. The wind flurried softly on the tall shining grass. The sea thistles, bloomed like grapes, glistened in the sunlight. Beyond the San Filippo headland a scud of white clouds hung at enormous height in the flower-blue sky. The summer pastures were the most beautiful in all Sicily, Brasi believed. He listened for the sound of the waves below, but they were not to be heard. Then, at Carmelo's shout of command, he ran down the slope toward the bushes where the goatherd's hut stood.

"He is not here," Carmelo said, with false lightness. He wished to comfort Brasi.

"No," Brasi replied.

"*Bedda matri,* don't be so mournful, boy," Carmelo snapped, but Brasi did not hear his father's voice in the words and merely stared down the slope to the cliffs.

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There was not a sail upon the near sea, though a faint column of smoke rose beyond the horizon.

"Here, youngster, take this, and blessings." Carmelo held out a package wrapped in torn paper. Brasi jumped up and took the package, for he knew what was in it, and before glancing at it he put his arm over Carmelo's shoulder and kissed him upon the cheek. Then he took out the sling from the paper and broke into thanks and praise.

"It is nothing, youngster," Carmelo said, in embarrassment because the sling was nothing. At least it was no more than three pieces of leather, to be had for the asking. Brasi fitted a stone into the sling and whirled it skilfully. The stone whirred through the air and struck the thistle Brasi had intended to strike. Two more stones struck the thistle, and then the boy stuffed the sling into his belt. For a while they were silent.

"He will be talking in Bencivenni's barber shop," Carmelo said at last.

"Bencivenni is sick, there is a hired man in the shop," Brasi mumbled.

"The barber shop is the barber shop. He often sits there a whole hour," Carmelo replied.

"Who talks with a hired man—from Catania, from a city?" They were hearing, in their memories, the contemptuous rebuff once given to their father by a superior person from Catania. "Hey, rustic, less tongue play," the Catanian blackshirt had said. Cesare's scurrilous tongue had been silenced.

"Then he will be sitting with the net-menders on the beach," Carmelo said.

"Oh, well . . ." The younger brother shrugged his shoulders. He set out for the San Filippo skyline.

Carmelo watched him as he moved waywardly, now walking swiftly, now straying aside to pick up stones for his sling or to swish the head from a thistle before it seeded. Brasi was a spoiled child. Carmelo dared not answer back as the impudent Brasi, with his trick of suddenly becoming tender and gazing at his father with his head on one side, invariably did.

"Sporca 'arne," Father would mutter, gazing angrily at Brasi's mischievous face and large black eyes, suddenly full of the most transparent hypocrisy, "don't look at me like a martyr about to be stoned." For a moment the impudent mockery would reappear in Brasi's eyes and upon his rich, curved lips; then the submission and hurt devotion would return and Father would swear softly and grow tender also. "Piece of the devil's flesh," he would murmur, and the hard, mocking face, so individual and contemptuous of other men, would soften, and the smile would disclose the merriment that lay behind Cesare Maniscalco's caustic ribaldry. But to Carmelo, Cesare was always Father. It was not because Carmelo had once lifted his hand to his father, for after Cesare had struck him down with his staff and Carmelo had repented, Father had said gravely, *"Figghiu mio,* it shall be forgotten." There was no jealousy between the brothers, for Brasi was too fanatical in his devotion to his eighteen-year-old brother for jealousy to arise.

Carmelo lay down beneath the bushes. It was a pity not only that Father had not witnessed their management of the herd, but that this first day on the summer pasturage should be spoiled by Brasi's disappointment. On that pasture whosoever tended herd or flock was at peace with the world and himself. The sea wind blowing steadily from the water three hundred feet below brought only the faintest rustle of the waves falling upon the bronze-hued rocks, or of the bending grasses. The bells of the goats and their voices were the only other sounds to be heard, and the bells scattered over that wide two-mile-long scarf of scented grass had a different sound here. The pasture held you up toward the sky, and you lay upon it as a child upon its basket. It held you as if it might swing you into the sea. Behind Carmelo, on the skyline notched with crags like the sun-bleached jaw of a sheep skull, the dogs lolled sleepily, yet ever ready to warn him if the goats strayed into alien pasture. What a fight Father had put up to wrest this cliff pasture from the village whose rights began over the skyline. What bitter-tongued agitation, what scurrilous libels, he had invented, what plots and counterplots he had contrived. Yet the pasture did belong to San Filippo, though the law compelled them to go by roundabout paths to reach it.

Later in the afternoon Carmelo found him lying on alien ground. "The animals must be driven to the fountain," the older brother said.

"You take them."

"Come now, boy," Carmelo said sharply.

"You take them."

"Bedda matri!" the elder lad shouted, imitating his father's explosive anger.

"Please, Carmelo."

"Don't put your head down on one side like a communion picture, monkey."

"Please."

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"Buono," the elder lad ejaculated and turned about and strode to the bushes. While he was slinging his pouch, his brother ran down and joined him. Carmelo patted him on the shoulder and gave brief orders.

The brothers ate their meal beside the spring, moistening the hard bread in its thin trickle of water. There they remained until the light yellowed and the pasture became green and golden. The goats settled themselves upon the warmer patches of earth, contentedly gazing with half-closed eyes at the sea. Then, an hour before sunset, Cesare Maniscalco appeared on the skyline of the San Filippo headland. At the bushes he greeted his sons curtly, and then stood gazing out to sea. The younger son expectantly took off his hat and drew near.

"Patre," Carmelo murmured and lifted his eyebrows mutely to question his father. Cesare frowned, and again Carmelo questioned his father in the same fashion. Cesare's reply was merely to give the dogs a command. Brasi put his hat upon his head and turned his face toward the Golden Cape.

"Sporca 'arne," Carmelo muttered, not loud enough for his father to hear.

The dogs, having reached the cliffward limit of the resting herd, began to bark and make their short, sharp rushes at the goats. But this evening the goats were puzzled. The dogs also were perplexed. The human beings were not watching the work; the set of their bodies showed that they were thinking of something else. There was no ease, no watchfulness in their bodies, the soft cries of instruction did not carry. The dogs made a few more desultory movements and then stopped, the younger dog first and then the old grizzled bitch. Nothing happened. They would not have dared to stop if the human beings had been in communication with them.

"Father," Carmelo said sharply as Brasi walked away. Cesare appeared to gather his wits, but then as Carmelo did not continue, his gaze fastened upon the leading boats of the San Filippo fishing fleet now pushing out past the headland. *"Sporca 'arne!"* Carmelo shouted and burst into a flood of distorted, and because distorted, permitted blasphemies. He did not dare to put the disarranged consonants and syllables in their proper places, for that would have made the blasphemies too horrible, even for Cesare. Carmelo began to sweat as he violently upbraided the father for so ill-treating his young son. Brasi hurried out of earshot. Carmelo stopped, expecting his father to fasten his wrathful gaze upon him. He expected the brown hands to move to the belt buckle, and he knew that eighteen years old as he was and approaching nineteen, he would submit.

Abstractedly Cesare Maniscalco gazed at his fulminating son. When the stream of abuse stopped, he sighed and said in the speech of man addressing man.

"Ay, *figghiu,* you are right," and half turning, he called, "Eh! Brasi, little son, come here!"

"Don't call like that," Carmelo protested, astonished at his father's tone.

"Bedda matri," Cesare exclaimed. "Come here, my little son, little cursed bandit, won't you come?"

Brasi turned and angrily rubbed the tears from his face. The curve of his lips was accentuated by pouting indignation.

"Latitante, skulker in the hills, *percia pagliare,* lurker in haystacks, come here." When Cesare had exhausted the entire list of criminal titles, Brasi still did not move.

"Sporca ma'onna, sporca 'arne, e 'angre," Cesare suddenly bawled and stamped his feet upon the ground. Brasi instantly came running. The father took him by the shoulders and shook him before kissing him upon the cheek.

"Eh, eh, cursed little bandit," he murmured and pushed the clinging lad away. "The bandit wishes to go armed, eh?"

"Patre," Brasi protested, embarrassed now that the moment of gift-giving had arrived.

"Well, then, take off thy jacket, little defiler of back alleys and temples." While Brasi was doing this the father's face again became clouded. Silently he took the belt and the sheathed knife out of his sheepskin pouch. With muttered blessings he fastened the belt around the slender waist of his son. Then, after patting Brasi's cheek, he waited an instant, as if in indecision. Slowly, without excitement, Brasi unsheathed the knife and glanced sullenly at the glittering blade. The father wheeled about and with a ferocious oath at the dogs crooked his arm in signal. Frantically they leaped to obey, barking savagely, snapping their teeth within an inch of the goats' flanks, in order to purge their monstrous idleness.

"It is a good knife, eh?" Cesare ejaculated fiercely, and the words which spoken softly would have unloosed a stream of loving gratitude brought a single "Yes."

"Close the hurdles, Brasi," Carmelo ordered. He had never given orders in the presence of his father. The lad made no sign of obedience.

"Boy!" the father exclaimed softly, but with the sternness of disobeyed fatherhood. Brasi ran to the corral and stood there waiting for the frantically submissive dogs to complete their task. Then he closed the hurdle and burst into tears.

[*Continued on page* 411]

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Bible Belt Labor

BY EVELYN SMITH

WHEN 2,600 mill hands in Knoxville, Tennessee, walked out on strike last May at the huge Standard Knitting Mills, largest manufacturers of knit underwear in the country, they were taking part in a struggle in which something much more important was at stake than the prestige of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which called the strike. Victory for these Tennessee mountaineers will be the first noteworthy break in the dam guarding the "scab reservoir" in which cheap and docile labor has been so carefully hoarded by Southern manufacturers. It will mean a flood of Southern workers into unions which have heretofore found cold welcome in the area. A prominent Southern labor leader was not thinking of the garment workers alone when he declared, "Dave Dubinsky is doing real missionary work down here."

Southern employers understand the significance of the strike and are fighting it with every weapon they possess. E. M. McMillan, president of the Standard Mills and also president of the Southern States' Industrial Council and a vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, is pledged to preserve the open shop for the South and especially for Knoxville, which has the reputation of being an industrial center in which no A. F. of L. or C. I. O. union has been allowed to gain a foothold.

Because of the inhabitants' antipathy to "foreigners" from the North, organizational campaigns in the South by national labor unions have usually ended in failure. Too often these unions were in a hurry to balance campaign expenditures by local dues and called strikes without adequate preparation. When the strikes were inevitably broken by the united front of the hostile community, the union usually vanished from the scene, leaving unpaid bills with community merchants and defeatist memories with the vanquished strikers. Sometimes the parent international made the error of sending down complete crews of "foreigners"; sometimes it leaned too far backward and hired only Southerners, who were usually well-meaning but inefficient amateurs. The I. L. G. W. U. by a happy compromise avoided both evils. It enlisted as organizers only native Southerners, but it employed as resident director John S. Martin, a hard-boiled veteran of the I. L. G. W. U. "runaway" campaigns in Pennsylvania.

Since the I. L. G. W. U. is a member of the American Federation of Labor, its organizational drive in the South has been aided by the strategically important Teamsters and other craft unions. At the same time it has worked out a cordial neutrality with the two basic C. I. O. unions in the region—the textile and mine workers—who recognize a kindred militancy in the I. L. G. W. U. aims. More important perhaps has been the willingness of the International to spend thousands of dollars in a campaign from which it can hope to receive in return only a fraction of the amount in dues payments. The I. L. G. W. U. surprises and disarms a hostile community when its representatives come into a city openly, rent a thoroughly respectable office, establish commercial accounts, and pay their bills promptly. In Atlanta, where the union maintains regional headquarters, Martin is a highly respected citizen.

At first the union moved slowly in its Southern campaign. It sought to establish itself as an integral part of the communities it penetrated; it talked of higher wages in terms of economic advantage for merchants as well as workers. A change of pace occurred last November when President Green of the A. F. of L. requested Dubinsky to take over from the United Textile Workers the task of organizing the workers at the Standard and the Appalachian knitting mills in Knoxville. The reason for the transfer of jurisdiction was twofold: the old-line A. F. of L. organization had failed to sign up more than a few hundred workers at the two mills, and the I. L. G. W. U. alone was financially equipped to accomplish the task. Unlike most Southern enterprises, both mills are locally owned. Standard employs 2,800 workers; the Appalachian, 1,800.

The first problem before the I. L. G. W. U. was to restore confidence to workers discouraged by previous organization failures. Three organizers were sent in by Martin, and attractive headquarters were opened on Knoxville's main street. The organizers called at workers' homes every evening, planned suppers and dances, and held constant meetings—mass-meetings, department meetings, committee meetings. And, quite as important, the union established its place in the community as an intelligent and constructive influence through cooperation with such civic projects as the municipal Recreation Department and the Adult Educational Council.

With the groundwork laid, the organizers increased their efforts. In six months they had enrolled as members a majority of the workers in the Appalachian Mills and won a four-day strike. The Appalachian victory was the spark which touched off the fuse at Standard Knitting Mills; a few days after it was won, dyers, knitters, and

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cutters at Standard walked out, followed by a majority of the girls in the finishing room. The company, working closely with the open-shop commercial elements which dominate Knoxville's civic life, has tried all the standard tricks of strike-breaking. Unemployment compensation for the striking workers was delayed for more than two weeks, until the I. L. G. W. U. forced payment. Financial pressure was exerted by calling in small loans of strikers and tightening up instalment payments. Sixty-two policemen, a considerable proportion of Knoxville's force, were assigned to patrol the mills and made more than seventy arrests in the first few weeks. When a fifty-four-year-old picket, Hooper Sprouse, tried to talk to a police captain, he was set upon and badly beaten, suffering two broken ribs and a lacerated scalp.

In reply, the I. L. G. W. U., in cooperation with the recently established Southern Workers' Defense League, started a civil suit for $10,000 damages in behalf of Sprouse against the police and forced a grand-jury investigation into the assault. It also brought about an investigation into police intimidation by Assistant United States District Attorney William Badgett. But its most effective action was to call the largest labor mass-meeting in Knoxville's history, at which more than 3,000 persons gathered in the Winona Stadium and were addressed by Dubinsky. Attempts by the company to start a "back-to-work" movement by hiring green hands from the mountains have failed to demoralize the strikers, and other gains by the I. L. G. W. U. have renewed their confidence in eventual victory—the union won another strike of 750 workers in the Signal Mills at Chattanooga and has consolidated its position at the Appalachian Mills by establishing a closed union shop.

The strike has settled down into what looks like a long siege, but the I. L. G. W. U. has shown itself determined to win, and it has a $7,000,000 treasury to back it up. Its success will mean much more than higher working standards for the 6,000 hands involved. For as each new agreement is signed in the South, the union presses for the introduction of efficient operating methods and the replacement of obsolete machinery in the affected plants, since it has an obligation to the community to keep the industry profitable despite increased labor costs.

The I. L. G. W. U. today has become much broader than a needle-trades union centered in New York City and interested in the Southern mills only as "runaways" which it wishes to bring back to the North. Those mills are in the South to stay—and the I. L. G. W. U. must stay with them. The impact of this progressive union on Southern culture may be far-reaching, for the I. L. G. W. U. has always emphasized the educational and cultural possibilities of its membership. It has earned national attention for its educational work among its foreign-language groups. The same technique applied to the Southern mill workers will help to develop the rich indigenous culture of the most neglected of American groups—the hill people of the Southeast.

The task is barely begun. In Martin's office in Atlanta is a file containing information on hundreds of shops, large and small, which have yet to be reached by the union. These are located in small towns in Virginia, Tennessee, and Mississippi—towns into which union organizers can scarcely penetrate. Success in the current campaign will introduce into a newly industrialized South an era of dynamic progressivism which will make it an integral part of a civilized country.

In the Wind

A NEW CAMPAIGN to create pro-Hitler sentiment among American Negroes has been started in New York's Harlem. Its leader is Harry Frederick, a veteran Harlem soap-boxer. The Amsterdam *News,* New York's largest Negro newspaper, carried a signed article by Frederick on October 11. "Few of us Negroes," he wrote, "realized that ten years ago Germany was also like Harlem, everybody owning it but the natives. Germans were gouged economically and politically just like we are today, but Hitler changed that. What has a Negro to gain in this war but agony, pain, and death for no other cause than to build stronger chains around his neck? Because of this so-called 'Beast of Berlin' the world is undergoing a revolution that will place the black man on top."

THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION may soon rule against the use in advertising of "the dangling comparative"—the trick of saying that one product is "better" than others without specifying which "others" are referred to. A decision against this type of advertising has already been rendered in the case of a small farm-fence manufacturer.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY of Milwaukee County and the America First Committee of Wisconsin have the same office, the same telephone number, and the same chairman, Lansing Hoyt.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY has declared that it is in opposition to all strikes in defense industries. A recent issue of the *Daily Worker* suggested that since strikes are in bad taste workers might seek redress of their grievances by writing letters to the party organ, which would give all legitimate complaints a full public airing.

WILLIAM GOODE, a Negro of Richmond, Virginia, recently placed first in a civil-service examination for warehousemen. He was informed that a job awaited him at Charlotte, North Carolina, and he moved his family to that city. When he reported for work, he was told that he could not have the job because he was a Negro.

GRANT DUNNE, the Minneapolis Teamsters official who committed suicide recently, was a veteran of the last war. He was probably the first man indicted by the federal government for sedition to be accorded a regular military funeral.

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Come to the Fair

WE'VE been having the State Fair down in my country. The schools stopped at noon. The teacher told the children to gargle their throats with salt water after they came home and not to eat any of that fluffy stuff called cotton candy, which seems equally designed to catch the fancy of the young and all the dirt in the fair grounds. The management gave all the children free tickets, and they swarmed out to the grounds to see their own country on display. It was all there, from blooded sow to forest product, from prize pickles to more formal native works of art. Also, of course, there were the grandstand and the midway and a gentleman named Lucky Teeter with a corps of assistants who risk their necks daily in automobiles in a state in which a lot of people are every day getting theirs broken without audience or remuneration.

State Fair was all there—and not only there. I have no figures on hand, but I know that up and down this land in this autumn state fair and county fair and community fair are mixing the presentation of plenty in all its American possibilities with good time in its conventional American-carnival guise. I know perfectly well that the products of the good, rich farms are shown by the agricultural experts to get people to try to do something about the poor ones. I know that the prize pickles are arranged in their rows to make sloppy housewives take creative shame from other women's ribbon-decked jars of pride. State Fair is not a dependable measure of America's horn of plenty any more than the drunk on the midway indicates with any exactitude that Americans are wholly content.

State Fair is a good thing to see, nevertheless. City fairs—expositions is the word—get less American as they get better. There is too much art and skill about them. The best scenic designers, the most proficient decorators go splendidly to work to produce them, and the result is art and not America. Sometimes they let us see the future, but they would be shamed in all their skill if we saw the present, not the full present but the best of the present as put on display by country and small-town aspiration. From the American standpoint I think the amateurs give the best show.

There is very little chromium about State Fair. Indeed, there is a good deal more packing box covered with colored cheesecloth. Undoubtedly the things on display show quickly the ravages of time. The cake that gets the blue ribbon on Monday looks a little worse than inedible to the crowds that pass before it on Thursday afternoon. But it was a fine cake when it got the prize—a country cake with country eggs and country butter in it. The maker showed she knew how to bake a cake that was delicious to the taste if it was not suited to preservation in a showcase. The pickles are all right; they were made to last. Indeed, the whole richness of State Fair is its public showing of the best of private plenty. Man-of-War in Kentucky gets no better brushing than the country boy's pigs. There are few professionals taking the prizes, and the ordinary folk are exhibiting in pride but willing enough to put the prize money in their pockets. They can use it.

It is easy to get bored at State Fair. Of course you've seen all the things before, from the prize peach preserves to the girl with two heads, from the horses to the hoochie-coochie show. To a city man it is like something out of yesterday. The food at the eating joints looks doubtful to the finicky even if the Board of Health is on guard. But the crowds are pushing and happy. Most of the exhibitors have come from the country to show the best products of a year's work on the far from easy land. The gawking crowd is not merely gawking. It is good-natured, easy-going, enjoying its own push and smell, not averse to being cheated a little, willing to be innocent before the barkers' lies. It is content in October, confident in October that the homely country plenty can still be produced on the American land, strong in October, seeing images of plenty in the attainable, the simple, and the familiar.

It is easy to think at such a time about the war news from outside the fair-grounds gate. Strangers might even remember that there had been such fairs in other countries not long ago. Fat pigs had been led by judges' booths in France. Simple people in Russia had looked at the same sort of awkward entertainers introduced as world famous. Well, those fairs in those countries are gone now. Fat pigs are not seen, nor fat people. The same thing could happen here of course, but state fairs were not designed for pessimists. The thing I get from them is not fear but faith. A lot of things may happen in this world and this America, but I have just come from State Fair and seen state people. The strength, the pride, the simple plenty that were there are things in this America which, come what may come, I believe will survive. And where they survive, every hope in every good possibility can remain.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

IT IS not Jerome Weidman's fault that I began to reread Dostoevski's "Idiot" the same evening I read his own "I'll Never Go There Any More" (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). Or is it? After I'd finished Sholokhov's volumes on the Don Cossacks I sat up until two in the morning rereading "War and Peace"; I don't remember which book of the summer made me take refuge in Jane Austen.

On the other hand, when I finished reading the posthumous, uncompleted novel of Scott Fitzgerald I wanted to reread "The Great Gatsby." So it isn't a question of period or subject matter. And I don't expect Weidman to be as good as Dostoevski. What I do expect from a writer who is serious—and I think Mr. Weidman is serious—is the communication of an attitude toward the story he tells, toward the people he writes about, toward life itself, which enlarges and affects in some degree, however small, my own attitude toward the human experience. Mr. Weidman gives us bizarre characters, competent writing, a passable plot. The characters are real enough—one doesn't doubt their existence—yet one never becomes involved with them because Mr. Weidman himself never becomes involved. He observes and reports them through the eyes of another observer and reporter, the "I" of the story, an innocent young man from upstate. But even this proxy observer doesn't get involved; just as he seems about to be drawn in, with the reader at his heels, he is snatched away by Mr. Weidman and sent home again. He'll never go there any more, and I for one don't see why Mr. Weidman ever went there in the first place unless he intended to bring back more than a dead-pan behavioristic account, as vivid as a photograph, of a group of men and women of whom one feels at the end that a good novelist might put them to illuminating and moving use. Instead, we are merely told that there really are people like that; we are never touched or shocked into the realization that they inhabit the same world as we do. For all its toughness, the hard-boiled novel turns out to be a literature of escape for both author and reader—a sightseeing tour to show us how our half doesn't live.

I said a year ago that the hard-boiled novel had run its course. I say now that it is both dated and sterile. It has summoned up a number of very vivid characters and exploited only their capacity to shock or amaze. A case in point is the Mary of this book, whom Mr. Weidman brings to life only to hit her over the head with the "clever" remark that her personality is an imitation of the one minor part she had played on the stage. We are not amazed any longer, and it is time the hard-boiled novelist came off his condescending, fence-sitting perch and treated his characters as human beings. He owes it to them if not to this impatient reader.

MOST OF US have in mind at least two places in France we'd like to see again some day—Paris and one other. My one other happens to be Brittany, and so I picked up Ida Treat's "The Anchored Heart" (Harcourt, Brace and Company, $2.50) with something like the same feeling one has for the home-town newspaper. Miss Treat was living in her Breton stone house on an island an hour from the mainland when the war began, when the Line was flanked, when France fell, and when German soldiers appeared in her own walled garden. She writes with great charm and with fine feeling for landscape and people. The island's ties are with the sea rather than with the mainland; still it is a microcosm of French life, reflecting vividly the sharp class divisions, the love of the French land and the good French life, the contempt for war. And one is convinced that it was the class divisions and the contempt for, rather than hatred of, war—which is likely to produce inertia rather than tanks and total warriors—that delivered the French to the enemy they couldn't really believe would come.

Miss Treat gives us an excellent picture of a young German soldier, half Nazi, half plain human. She gives us also an extremely interesting account of the relations between the Germans and the island people. It is perhaps a measure of her skill as a reporter—we would demand something different from a novelist—that the coming of the Germans wears no appearance of tragedy; it is when the peasant woman Marie Anaik, who is really the heroine of the book, reveals unwillingly that she is going blind that our feelings are finally released. And it is her character that convinces us that the Nazis will never conquer France.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Where Do We Go from Here?

WHOSE REVOLUTION? Edited by Irving Dewitt Talmadge. Howell, Soskin and Company. $2.50.

THE eminence and undoubted ability of the several authors of this symposium hardly compensate for its collective weakness, for it achieves little more unity of plan or purpose than any good monthly magazine to be had at one-tenth the cost. The chapters are written by James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Alfred Bingham, Malcolm Cowley, Hans Kohn, Roger Baldwin, Lewis Corey, Granville Hicks, Eugene Lyons, and Bertram Wolfe. (Sidney Hook is announced as one of the authors on the dust cover but does not appear in the book.)

Though the essays are intended as "blueprints for the new democracy," many of them are purely historical. Hans Kohn makes an informative comparison between the American and the Nazi revolution which is not completely convincing because he rather unduly idealizes the American Revolution and because the two revolutions are really incommensurate. Granville Hicks contributes an autobiographical essay describing his apostasy from communism. Though the honesty of this self-revelation is moving, it arrives at the rather meager conclusion that "there is neither one way to ruin nor one way to salvation, and perhaps there is no absolute salva-

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tion as there is no absolute ruin." One doubts whether Eugene Lyons could have read this piece, which immediately precedes his own, now well-known, account of the invasion of Stalinism into American liberalism. Had he read it, its transparent sincerity would have assuaged the animus of his account. Roger Baldwin's excellent survey of the relation between liberals and Communists in various united-front movements partly substantiates and partly refutes Lyons's strictures.

Malcolm Cowley analyzes the religious overtones of communism, establishes the inadequacy of communism as a religion, decides that a religious foundation for culture is nesessary, and then speculates rather lamely upon the possibility of either a "religion of humanity" or an Anglo-Saxon variant of Nazi racialism filling the gap in the future. The former, he thinks, might be expressed in such words as "freedom, equal opportunity, tolerance, human perfectability, progress through reason, and the sacredness of the individual." It might be important to ask whether these words are either true or relevant to our situation. Whatever the defects of communism, it is certainly superior to a fatuous faith in "progress through reason" or the "sacredness of the individual."

The blueprints are furnished by Wolfe, Corey, Chamberlain, and Bingham. Wolfe's is the only orthodox Marxist essay in the volume. Corey ably seeks to separate truth from falsehood in Marxist dogma in the light of contemporary experience. Both Bingham and Corey recognize the peril of seeking freedom from the injustices of economic power by policies which merely lead to the "merger of economic and political power." Bingham and Chamberlain are in close agreement in their search for techniques which will arrest the tendency toward centralization of power in a technical civilization.

Both Corey and Chamberlain challenge the thesis of Burnham's "Managerial Revolution." Corey points out that since technicians and specialists have their authority subordinated to that of political bigwigs in both the Nazi and the Communist regime, it is logical to assume that their authority may be subordinated to a democratic state. Chamberlain questions the inevitability of the kind of centralization of power envisaged in Burnham's book. He would at least seek to arrest this tendency in the interest of democracy, just as Bingham would seek for "devices of control which will resemble the free market in its automatism."

Professor Burnham does not press the thesis of his book in his own chapter of the symposium. He seeks rather to answer the question "Is democracy possible?" In answering it he comes to the conclusion that "democracy is fostered by a conflict of social forces, a conflict which is unresolved in that no single social force gains full dominance over all others. . . . It might almost be said that war is the extreme form of democracy." This is a dangerous half-truth. It is true in the sense that democracy rests upon a tolerable equilibrium of social forces and that flagrant disproportions of power lead to tyranny. But unorganized equilibria of social forces degenerate into anarchy. Democracy requires not only social equilibria and "balances of power" but organizing centers of power which arbitrate conflicts, deflect potential conflicts into new forms of cooperation, and seek consciously to restore a disintegrating equilibrium. The essence of democracy is no

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nearer to war than to tyranny. The organizing power of a society bears the peril of tyranny within itself. The social equilibrium of society bears the peril of anarchy within itself.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Theory and Practice

LOOK AT ALL THOSE ROSES. Short Stories by Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ELIZABETH BOWEN, in her preface to "The Faber Book of Modern Stories" (London, 1937), made several penetrating remarks concerning the function and scope of the modern short story: "Poetic tautness and clarity are so essential to it that it may be said to stand on the edge [toward drama] of fiction"; "The new literature . . . is an affair of reflexes, of immediate susceptibility, of associations not examined by reason"; "The sought-about-for subject gives the story a dead kernel."

It is interesting to apply these remarks to Miss Bowen's new book of short stories. We have come to expect from Elizabeth Bowen only the subtlest and most skilful. She is one of the few writers of modern fiction who are capable of grasping at once the flavor and the meaning of a situation. She has proved, in her novels, her skill in dealing with the modern psychological border line. Her ability to identify and interpret the shifting psychic weights, obscure crises, and half-admitted obstacles and fears which mark our time as one of spiritual transition have given her novels their power and distinction. She is also the mistress of the background—transitional or "dated" in itself—which can throw into relief the poignancy of the action. We realize in full through her sensitive choices the interpenetration of the characters and their scene.

This power, which has its affiliations with French sensibility, with Chekov, and with Joyce, is for the most part disappointingly absent or misapplied in her shorter work. She has not in these stories kept to the third of her rules quoted above. Her failures are based on her choice of a situation-as-such—"a sought-about-for subject." She does not insist on the psychological basis for the situation as the story's first need. Modern analysis and apprehension must be brought to bear fully on a true human complication, no matter how subtilized from "the great primary emotions" that complication may be. At this point we are suspicious of horror for horror's sake. Historically, the "grim tale" lies at the root of modern fiction: it nourished Poe, James, and French writers without number. An entire literature exists nowadays, however, into which the modern equivalent of the Gothic atmosphere has been siphoned off. Whole walls in lending libraries are lined with titles tricked out with the word "murder." A fairly crude repository for the ordinary man's feelings of guilt, fear, and shame was imperative; and a literary industry has come into being to satisfy that need.

But Miss Bowen has other things to give us. The grim story reached its apotheosis in art and profundity perhaps with "The Turn of the Screw." It is along this higher level that Miss Bowen should be proceeding. We should be suspicious of the story based upon the suspicion of the corpse buried in the garden even if Miss Bowen had done more

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The Swiss Idea

THE HEART OF EUROPE. By Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

SWITZERLAND is a point on the map where the great highways of European traffic, influences, and cultures intersect. And he who rules Switzerland has the key to the great neighboring countries. Ever since the thirteenth century recognition of these truths has been behind all the pacts guaranteeing Swiss independence and Swiss "freedom from overlords," which have allowed this tiny, undefended, but militant democracy to last for 650 years.

Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret have recapitulated the essential facts of Swiss history and added much valuable information on Switzerland and the Swiss today. They have also made a passionate plea for the Swiss way of life—for "federalism"—offering it as a model for the unification of Europe.

Mr. de Rougemont, a brilliant Swiss writer with a European reputation and a follower of Barthian Protestantism, is known in this country through an English version of his book "Amour en Occident" and through his drama "Nicholas of Flue," which was performed last winter, with music by Honegger, at Carnegie Hall. Madame Muret, American-born, has published a distinguished thesis on the French Royalist doctrine. The authors differ in age, experience, culture, and even political outlook, but so well have their personalities fused that not a crack is noticeable in the smooth surface of their work.

"I want man to be master of himself that he may be better

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servant of all." These words of the Swiss philosopher Vinet explain what Swiss people mean by democracy: not a surcharged individualism after the nineteenth-century manner, but a political and moral "federalism" which welds the principle of liberty to the principle of cooperation. Only through work with the group—in communities as living cells of federation or within a plurality of such groups—is full self-realization possible for the human personality.

This is an old thesis of Mr. de Rougemont's and also of his fellow-citizen Gonzague de Reynold, who, however, constructs his communal idealism around a spiritual center of almost medieval implications. Mr. de Rougemont believes in political self-rule from the bottom, that is, from the community, up. He thinks that the communal spirit of highly disinterested and cooperative men has been the basis of the success and longevity of the Swiss Confederation. This has allowed so "informal a political system" to survive, though the spirit has found unceasing new strength and impetus in the Confederation's struggle against any establishment of outside hegemony or inside leadership.

But can a future European federation be successfully molded on such an ideal pattern? In spite of linguistic, racial, and cultural differences, the Swiss constitute a rather homogeneous group, with memories of civic training deeply intrenched in their collective consciousness. Furthermore, the Swiss federal spirit harks back to certain aspects of the Holy Roman Empire and antedates the birth of European nationalism in the sixteenth century. In contrast to this, a European federation would harbor a motley crowd of self-assertive nations and races whose undisciplined impulses would be hard to harness unless first subdued by common necessity or a strong superpolitical and superracial ideal. If a strong center of gravity outside or inside is not established, antagonism among so many diverse elements will lead either to anarchy or to another dictatorship.

However, the authors argue in favor of federalism from still another angle. They are emphatic in saying that resistance to aggression is stronger in federated states than in centralized democracies. They recall the collapse of France in 1940 and the fate of the great centralized states in Napoleon's day. At that time only Spain and Russia offered effective resistance, and it was because they were able to organize local defense where the national armies failed. Switzerland's final stand, in case of a German invasion, will be organized along such lines.

These arguments are attractive in view of the prolonged resistance of the Russians. And is not "federalism" the only way out? The authors insist it is, for otherwise giganticism, our modern malady, may cause the formation of blocs of states which will fight each other from continent to continent and lay the world in ruins.

But it is then that reconstruction will be possible. "We will have to come back to realities that are the measure of man. Then the small state will once again be the model and the ideal as it was in the great era of Western civilization. Then will come the hour of the federal idea which Switzerland today incarnates." And we are reminded of Victor Hugo's prophetic remark: "In history Switzerland will have the last word."

FELIZIA SEYD

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Out of the Heart

THAT DAY ALONE. By Pierre van Paassen. The Dial Press. $3.75.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN has constantly attempted to pierce through the surface of contemporary affairs to the essential meaning of the human adventure. Whether he is writing, as in this volume, of his experiences in France on the eve and into the night, of characters and incidents in the Gorcum of his youth or under the Nazi New Order, of people, famous, or unknown, who have felt, if but for a moment, the fulness of the human experience, or of minor events that have transformed the destinies of nations, van Paassen is seeking to distil from the panorama that is history its meaning and purpose.

But despite the author's earnest attempt, "That Day Alone" is the record of his search and his reflections on that search rather than a tale of discovery. For van Paassen has yet to make clear to himself the nature of the forces by which history moves. At times he suggests that the basic factors in social change are the class and social relationships into which men enter and the institutions under which they live. Class interest, he asserts, led the bourgeoisie to betray France. At other times he sees the impulse for social development in the souls and hearts of men. "Conscience plays a greater part in life than most people suspect or admit." Thus America owes the New Deal to the "bad conscience of the Christianized and humanized bourgeoisie." Still again he seems to imply that sheer accident may alter the fate of nations and generations. What else are we to make of the fact that van Paassen, after insisting that every historical phenomenon has its ascertainable cause, proceeds to explain what may have been considered historical accidents by earlier accidents? Thus Hitler's anti-Semitism derives from the rejection of his masterpiece in his penniless days by three Jewish art judges.

Undoubtedly history is a composite of all of these forces, but van Paassen has not yet clarified their interrelationship. And because he has not fully understood how history has been made, he is vague and uncertain as to how it can be shaped. Thus his peroration, for all its eloquence, falls decidedly flat. He feels that a new world—and a better one—is emerging from the chaos in which we are engulfed, but he has little to say about what is to bring that world into being. Class? Conscience? Accident?

Van Paassen, as usual, writes well and sensitively. If certain sections of the book show signs of hasty composition, other are moving and poignant. Few readers will easily forget the sketches of In the Steps of the Sun—of Kostya and Tago who, separated in life, met in the moment of death; of Rabbi Warner who preached to his Nazi torturers the sermon he had prepared for his congregation, of the Reverend Baxter who urged love of his enemies while the Nazis were killing his family. There are, too, many acute perceptions—of the bourgeoisie's fear of victory as the fundamental cause of France's collapse, of the temporal ambitions of the church as the basis of its fascist sympathies.

But the volume lacks a basic unity, for though van Paassen has felt deeply, he has seen less clearly. If there is much in his pages that will move the heart, there is less that will inform the mind.

DAVID W. PETEGORSKY

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

POLITICS AND LAW IN THE UNITED STATES. By D. W. Brogan. Macmillan. $1.25.

LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP: ITS AIMS AND METHODS. By Norman Foerster and Others. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE DUST WHICH IS GOLD. By William Rose Benet. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

A TREASURY OF BIOGRAPHY By Edgar Johnson, Howell, Soskin. $3.75.

WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE MARINES. By Captain John H. Craige. Norton. $2.

BOHDAN: HETMAN OF UKRAINE. By George Vernadsky. Yale. $2.50.

PIERRE LAVAL. By Henry Torres. Oxford. $2.50. (Reviewed in *The Nation* of September 13.)

SONG OF ARIRAN. The Life Story of a Korean Rebel. By Kim San and Nym Wales. John Day. $2.75.

UNUSED RESOURCES AND ECONOMIC WASTE. By David Rockefeller. University of Chicago. $2.

SOUTH AMERICA AND HEMISPHERE DEFENSE. By J. Fred Rippy. Louisiana State University. $1.50.

I CAN'T FORGET. Personal Experiences of a War Correspondent in France, Luxemberg, Germany, Belgium, Spain, and England. By Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

THE END IS NOT YET. China at War. By Herrymon Maurer. McBride. $3.

BYRON IN ITALY. By Peter Quennell. Viking. $3.50.

WASHINGTON WALTZ. Diplomatic People and Politics. By Helen Lombard. Knopf. $2.50.

WINTER IN VERMONT. By Charles Edward Crane. Knopf. $3.50.

NEWSPAPER DAYS, 1899-1906. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $3.

MARRIED LIFE IN AN AFRICAN TRIBE. By I. Schapera. Sheridan House. $3.50.

A WOMAN WRAPPED IN SILENCE. By John W. Lynch. Macmillan. $2.

A TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Edited by Deems Taylor. Simon and Schuster. $5.

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON. A Journey Through Yugoslavia. By Rebecca West. Viking. 2 vols. $7.50.

VERMONT IS WHERE YOU FIND IT. Stories and Pictures Arranged by Keith Warren Jennison. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

ARREST AND EXILE. The True Story of an American Woman in Poland and Siberia, 1940-41. By Lilian T. Mowrer. Morrow. $2.50.

HITLER'S COUNTERFEIT REICH. Behind the Scenes of Nazi Economy. By Karl Robert. Alliance. $1.

THAILAND: THE NEW SIAM. By Virginia Thompson. Macmillan. $5.

INTELLECTUAL AMERICA. Ideas on the March. By Oscar Cargill. Macmillan. $5.

THE MAYFIELD DEER. By Mark Van Doren. Holt. $2.50.

POEMS AND NEW POEMS. By Louise Bogan. Scribner's. $2.50.

NOSTRADAMUS ON NAPOLEON, HITLER, AND THE PRESENT CRISIS. By Stewart Robb. Scribner's. $2.

SOCIETY AND MEDICAL PROGRESS. By Bernhard J. Stern. Princeton. $3.

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IN BRIEF

PROCEED, SERGEANT LAMB. By Robert Graves. Random House. $2.50.

A sequel to "Sergeant Lamb's America," recounting the escape of Mr. Graves's red-blooded redcoat hero from an American prison camp during the Revolutionary War, his adventures in the army of Cornwallis, and his return to his native Dublin after the end of hostilities. In spite of the ponderous eighteenth-century style which Mr. Graves affects for the purpose of presenting history as autobiography, the book is vigorous and flavorsome.

MILDRED PIERCE. By James M. Cain. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The hard-boiled author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Serenade" has wrapped his iron fist in a silk stocking to knock together the sexy, highly sensational, and sometimes outright sentimental odyssey of a grass widow who builds herself a career out of devotion to a selfish, completely heartless daughter. The ending is almost as moral as a confession story! Who's been softening up Mr. Cain?

PORTUGUESE VOYAGES TO AMERICA IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Harvard University Press. $2.

This Harvard Historical Monograph is said to be the first critical examination in English of Portuguese claims to have reached America before Columbus. Those familiar with Professor Morison's scholarship need not be told that he has left no stone unturned; he has also brought to bear personal experience of these sailing routes. His book, however, is for highly specialized readers only.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF WORLD TRADE. By J. B. Condliffe. W. W. Norton. $3.75.

This factual survey of international economic relations is based on studies prepared for an international conference which met at Bergen on the inauspicious date of August 27, 1939. The volume opens with an account of the disintegration of international trading and financial relations in the past decade following the forlorn attempt to reinstate the pre-1914 system at the close of the last war. There follows an examination of Nazi economic methods which is useful even though it lays insufficient stress on their essentially military character. In his last chapters Professor Condliffe cautiously discusses the possibilities of reconstruction when the present conflict ends, pointing out that the starting-point must be collective security. But as he wisely says, peace and prosperity are not to be achieved by formulas: if they "are ever to be restored to [the] world, they must, like freedom, 'be recreated year by year.'"

RECORDS

AMONG the things that turn record reviewers prematurely gray—and there are others—is the experience of receiving a number of records about which the record company feels as parents do about their children, and finding that most of them are things that only parents would love. Thus, among the October Victor records that have arrived so far, the best is the set (817, $2.50) offering a Suite of the music of Bach that William Walton put together and orchestrated for the ballet "The Wise Virgins." It includes the beautiful chorale-prelude "Herzlich tut mich verlangen," scored a little fussily, and other engaging pieces from the cantatas, well scored, well played by the Sadler's Wells Orchestra under Walton, and well recorded, but with a noisily swishing surface on side 2 of my copy. In addition there is Tchaikovsky's revised version of his "Hamlet" Overture, of which I would say what Tovey says of Berlioz's "King Lear"—that it has no relation to the drama but is merely a moderately effective and interesting piece of Tchaikovskyan rhetoric. It is well performed by Dorati with the London Philharmonic (13760, $1); and the recorded sound is a little sharp.

For the rest, however, there is Mozart's Serenade K. 375 for eight wind instruments, with beautiful textures of the combined wind-instrument sounds, but unimpressive even to someone who loves Mozart's music as intensely as I do—well performed by members of the Alumni Orchestra of the National Orchestral Association under Richard Korn (Set 826, $3.50), and well recorded, but with noisily swishing surfaces on sides 4 and 6 of my copy. Then Mozart's Sonata K. 380 for violin and piano, with a lovely opening melody in the slow movement, but otherwise quite dull, at least as played by Spalding and Benoist (Set 819, $2.50), and with noisily defective surfaces again on my copy. Then pâté-de-foie-gras arrangements by Charles O'Connell of Bach's chorales "Herzliebster Jesu" and "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," both played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, and the second, with a new operatic conclusion, sung by Dorothy Maynor (18166, $1). Then Monteux's excellent and well recorded performance with the San Francisco Symphony of Ravel's "La Valse," of which I enjoy the first part with its beautifully scored succession of Strauss-waltz themes, but not the subsequent manipulation of these themes (Set 820, $2.50). Then Böhm's fine and well recorded performance with the Saxon State Orchestra of Reger's Variations and Fugue on a theme of Mozart, with a few beautiful details in what is on the whole a typically monumental exercise of Reger's interminably fluent pedantry (Set 821, $4.50). And then a pedestrian and harshly recorded performance of Rossini's Overture to "La Gazza Ladra" by Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (13751, $1).

Other Victor releases next time; and I will comment on Columbia's new Beecham set of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony when I have had a chance to hear another copy. Columbia offers a set (X-206, $2.50) of four arias from Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" that I don't find very interesting, well sung by Lily Pons except for an occasional tremolo. Her singing is well recorded, but there are noisily defective surfaces in my copy. And Schönberg himself has recorded a performance of his "Pierrot Lunaire" (Set 461, $4.50) with what I take to be the same small group that he conducted at the New Friends of Music concert last year, including Erika Wagner-Stiedry, whose delivery of the Sprechstimme part was and is so remarkable. I am aware of the technical mastery that went into the writing of this piece of nightmarish hideousness; I am aware of its place, its significance in musical and cultural history; but for my ears and mind these do not add up to any significance, effect, importance as a work of art. Once more, instead of providing both the German text and an English translation in a leaflet that could be held conveniently, Columbia has pasted a mere English summary of the words into the album.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Pro and Con Mr. Eckhardt

Dear Sirs: It was so painful to read Mr. Schultz's article on Budapest's Fake Mission in your issue of September 27 that I cannot refrain from making a few observations, to which I feel entitled, being a Hungarian who left his country only ten months ago.

Mr. Schultz has not been in Hungary for at least six years, I am sure, and every word of his article proves that he has absolutely lost contact with the changing life, conditions, and ideas of that country. What I deplore most is the hatred and misinformation he indulges in. I do not refer to downright false statements, such as the assertion that half the population are "landless laborers" and "have only a theoretical right to vote," that the anti-Semitic laws have been drawn up on the Nürnberg model, and that Hungary was the first fascist state. What I object to is the utter lack of any effort to understand situations and conditions of which he has had no first-hand experience. If such ghosts of 1919 sit in at the next peace conference, that "armistice" will not last even twenty years.

I do not intend to defend Mr. Eckhardt; he does not need my defense. For the last ten years he has been considered in Hungary as one of the leading liberals, a champion of the rights of the under-dog, working to raise the standard of life of the agricultural laborers. He quit as leader of his party when he saw the unfortunate trend of events which Hungary was forced into by lying low in the storm which swept away all those opposing it till now. He probably knows that it is safer for him not to return to Hungary at present. His activities as a youth have long been forgotten and forgiven. The whole "white terror" of 1920-22 is a matter of history and would have probably come about in any country as a reaction to the wild reign of the Bolshevik gangsters in 1919.

People in Hungary are not Nazis. The Nazi Party there has been losing ground and is rapidly sinking into unimportance. But there is a general feeling of misgiving—to put it mildly—about Germany, which is the historical menace to Hungarian culture, way of life, and independence. Most people, except outright friends of Germany—and you find those in all countries—are glad to know that Mr. Eckhardt is free to voice their true feelings.

Hungary was never in a position to oppose Germany, being dependent on the purchasing power of the German industrial population to market its agricultural surplus. It had to accommodate itself to the wishes of its main customer or go bankrupt and be wiped out. What could it expect from the Western powers? What did it ever get? Nothing! Only maltreatment at the hands of the Little Entente and insinuations concerning the murder of Alexander of Yugoslavia, who is known to have been shot by the henchmen of Mr. Pavelich, who now rules supreme in Croatia by the grace of Hitler. It is natural that politically and economically Hungary's sympathies were with Germany as long as those sympathies did not clash with Hungarian ideas of fairness and decency as they do now.

Admiral Horthy, the Regent, is a real leader of his country, admired and well loved even by those who opposed his regime at the beginning, including Socialists. There will never be a Hungarian "government in exile" as long as Admiral Horthy lives, for the best men of his country will always rally around him. The "feudal coterie" exists in the recollection of bygone times in the imagination of Mr. Schultz.

PAUL STRASSER

Winnetka, Ill., October 9

Dear Sirs: I wish to express my gratitude to *The Nation* for revealing the deceitful game the Hungarian aristocracy tried to play on the Western democracies and the democratically minded people of Europe when they brought the seemingly honest and well-meaning, but dangerous, Tibor de Eckhardt to this country.

As a former student leader of the youth organization of the Democratic Agrarian Party of Czecho-Slovakia, and as a former resident of the province of Slovakia, which belonged to Hungary before the first World War, I feel deeply the need for reconciliation between Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia to insure the future stability and peace of Central Europe. But I recognize that this is impossible so long as Hungary is ruled by a feudal landowning class. Our people watched the growth of the Small Peasant Party of Hungary, led by Mr. Eckhardt, with great hope. Eckhardt, as the leader, promised to bring agrarian reform and the reform of the electoral system, which together would have resulted in the democratization of Hungary. To our great disappointment, however, Mr. Eckhardt, instead of carrying out his election promises, in all cases supported the interests of his fellow-aristocrats. He attacked Czecho-Slovakia on every possible occasion with the typical Nazi accusation that we were a "hotbed of bolshevism" and an outpost of Soviet Russia. As late as July, 1940, in an article in the English-language publication of the Hungarian Foreign Office, the *Danubian Basin*, he justified the seizure of Carpathia from Czecho-Slovakia on the grounds that our President, Dr. Eduard Benes, is a Bolshevik and that Dr. Benes allegedly desired to give this province to the Russians and so bring communism into the heart of Europe. Mr. Eckhardt repeated this thesis while on his first propaganda visit to this country in the spring of last year.

Meanwhile, Eckhardt's party's representation has shrunk from twenty-four deputies to five—a very good indication of how much the little men of Hungary really trust him. Is it then a wonder that we young Czecho-Slovaks warn the world to be wary of him? Our desire today for a real understanding with the peoples of the Danubian basin is just as sincere as it was years ago, but we have learned that an understanding is possible only between real democrats. Tibor de Eckhardt, judged by his political past, cannot be considered a friend of democracy.

We have not, however, given up our hope of finding a partner among the Hungarians who would share our desire for a democratic understanding. We point to such people as Dr. Vambery and Dr. Jaszi. There are people even in Hungarian jails with whom we could come to an understanding, people about whom Mr. Eckhardt does not talk, for example, the ardent democrat Feja Geza.

All this prevents us from sitting down with Mr. Eckhardt. We are very grateful to *The Nation* for informing the people of America that it is not the ideas he preaches but the insincere intentions of Mr. Eckhardt to which we object.

ERNEST SARISAN

Chicago, Ill., October 10

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Religious Freedom Where?

Dear Sirs: I note that an effort is being made to bring about freedom of religion in Russia as a price of military aid from the United States. It strikes me that this would be a good time to have a little reciprocity in that field.

About a year ago, through the efforts of the Pope, religious freedom was denied in Spain. Franco, in return for certain favors, announced that no form of religion could be practiced except the Roman Catholic. If the Church of Rome really stands for religious freedom, now is the time to bring forth the proof by granting such freedom in Spain.

C. B. C.

Phoenix, Ariz., October 13

Brandeis and Holmes

Dear Sirs: In your editorial tribute to Justice Brandeis in *The Nation* of October 11, you state, accurately, that Brandeis was Jeffersonian to the deepest core of his being, and that one of the forms in which this found expression was his opposition to bigness, either of governmental or business units.

I think it is interesting, in view of the widely accepted notion that Brandeis's views paralleled those of his colleague Holmes, to recall that the latter was not opposed to "bigness," at least in business. An early indication, or at least implication, of this was shown by Holmes's disagreement with the majority in the so-called "Merger case"—*Northern Securities Company* v. *United States* (1904). In fact, as Holmes wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock some years later, this dissent helped to cool the relationship between himself, Holmes, and trust-busting President Theodore Roosevelt.

This same attitude is also revealed by several other items in the Holmes-Pollock correspondence. One example is: "I agree . . . that there are great wastes in competition, due to advertisement, superfluous reduplication of establishments, etc. But those are the very things the trusts get rid of." This was written in 1906, but Holmes maintained the attitude to the end. Thus, with regard to at least one generally accepted "liberal" view, the skepticism of Holmes did not clear the way for the empiricism of Brandeis.

J. WILLIAM ROBINSON

West Lafayette, Ind., October 13

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 399]

Ten minutes later Carmelo approached the corral and called him by name. He took the lad by the nape of his neck and urged him toward the hut. Brasi resisted.

"The devil's in him, right enough, but you haven't thanked him, boy," Carmelo said, and he spun the lad around. "He's never been like this before, Brasi. He must be sick. Here, give me the knife." He took the blade in one hand and selecting a hair among Brasi's black locks jerked it from his scalp. The boy did not protest.

"See, young one." Pinching the hair between his fingernails he drew the knife blade through it. "A week's wages he has spent. Look at *my* blade." He did not draw the knife his brother had so often used. Its quality was much inferior.

The brothers returned to the bushes and sat down with their father. "There was talk in town?" Carmelo said.

"There was . . . much." Surprised at the bitterness in his father's voice, Carmelo said, "The sardines are abundant? Are the boats going out?"

"Accusí dicono," was the only reply. "So they say." The cold, non-committal phrase, normally a means of evasion, made the son angry. He swore under his breath.

"Eh, eh. Better alone than in evil company," the father said and stirred himself to converse with his sons. He told them how he had searched through the stock of many shops before choosing a knife. Brasi listened intently.

"The fishermen are lighting their lamps," Carmelo said.

"It is the best season in many years, they say. For six nights now the sardines have been crowding like a Good Friday procession. All the boats were getting ready to go out. They were even patching the Archangel Michael."

"But . . ." Carmelo objected, "the crew, there wouldn't be a crew for the Archangel."

"Don't be foolish, boy. There's always a crew to be got in San Filippo. They scratched one together. The Archangel was going out," Cesare mumbled. Their father's bearing was confused and uneasy. Sometimes in his exuberance or in his grotesque denunciation of an opponent Father lied, Carmelo knew. Perhaps he had lied now, out of ill-temper. Presently Cesare rose and bade them good-night. He did not light the stump of candle in the hut.

For a while the elder son brooded irritably over Cesare's gloom. Had his father quarreled with someone in the town? Had he been humiliated? Already Carmelo, drawing near manhood, had learned that his father, whom he had once revered and admired as the most daring of men, was regarded in the town as a rather stupid and quarrelsome man, redeemed only by a gift for turning phrases and recounting a story. So long he had worshiped his father, listening with ready ears to all his tales of verbal contests, that even now he blushed at his thought. Anger, and with it pity for his father, rose in him. But Father *was* a man. For work *and* for fighting. If only the softlings of the town knew the half of it! *"Quello è masculu,"* he murmured, warmly asserting his father's manliness. With the classical phrase he put aside shameful thoughts of his father's deficiencies. Yet a thought haunted him, "If only Father would not brag so much!"

Now, talking with his younger brother, Carmelo's speech was full of sententious advice. He quoted proverbs and refrains in the body of his discourse. To Carmelo's gaze Brasi was perceptibly changing. Brasi had not yet become critical of his father and his brother, but the age of his innocence was passing. Carmelo could perceive it. That air of innocence was now restored by Brasi's distress.

The elder brother wanted to fling himself forward upon his knees and press his lips upon the boy's face. It was good, *bedda madonna,* to have such a brother, to sit with him above the sea beside the animals and talk. Holy flesh, it was good, with Father sleeping not far off. The hot emotion welled up, and he loved consciously, filled with enormous gratitude. The night, for darkness had fallen, was itself friendly, for it shut the three of them into one small region of dependence. To have a brother, younger than oneself, even though he was fifteen years old and strong and fearless, was good. Holy flesh of Christ, it was good. What more could a man want? He crossed himself, thinking of his mother, dead these three years.

His emotion was checked, and changed, by the barely audible sound of weeping that came from the direction of the hut. Father's sobbing was broken by muttered oaths. Utterly confounded, he raised his voice and blurted out the first thought that came into his head.

"Well now, I'll swear you can't count the fishing boats, Brasi." He was, even

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in his discomfiture, disappointed with the question. It would not engage his brother's attention as once it would have done.

"Thirty-four," Brasi replied indifferently.

"Thirty-two," Carmelo sharply answered, though he believed Brasi's figure. Then at least two more fishing boats had put to sea than normally made up the San Filippo fleet. Father had not lied when he had said that a crew for the Archangel had been got together. The sweat broke out on Carmelo's forehead. Behind the bushes his father was still sobbing and cursing, and he was afraid Brasi would hear it. He was also stricken with shame and would have crept away himself had it been possible. To overhear the weeping of one's father is not permitted.

"Thirty-four," Brasi asserted with growing interest.

"Thirty-two!"

"Thirty-four!" the boy shouted.

"Thirty-two!"

"Thirty-four, *bedda matri, sporca 'arne!*"

"Young man!" Carmelo exclaimed, checking his brother's garbled oath. Father was still sobbing behind the bushes.

"Thirty-four," Brasi said, a little chastened.

"We'll count. Begin at the San Filippo end, with the three brightest lights." The fleet, resting some seven or eight miles off shore, had formed a long street of ships. At the San Filippo extremity a constellation of three lights burned and was separated from the main body of the fleet by a black path of the sea.

"One, two, three," Brasi said and stopped suddenly.

"Bedda madonna," Carmelo whispered. As Brasi had said "three" the third light had gone out.

"Another," Brasi shouted. Of the three-point constellation only one hard jewel of light now burned in its black pool.

"That also," Carmelo exclaimed an instant later. A minute before there had been a suburb or promontory of life thrust out confidently from the populous township of the lights. There had been the sign of men rocking together in their boats, over the depths, laughing quietly, whispering their jests, rebuking one another, indulging in amiable or tolerant ribaldry. Now there was blackness. The promontory had gone.

Again Brasi yelled as the first light of the main fleet was put out. "Another!" The town of ships was shrinking to a village.

"Patre, patre!" Carmelo shouted, "Come quickly."

Brasi leaped to his feet and sprang into the bushes shouting, "Father, Father!" Two more lights disappeared as he did so. Cesare blundered through the bushes without his shoes, buckling his belt as he came.

"The dogs, the dogs," he muttered urgently and whistled the dogs into life. They barked at once, one on each side of the corral, on duty against the perils of the night. But awaiting a new order they heard only the excited voices of the father and his sons and the sighing of the breeze. They stood tensely on guard against nothing that their senses could detect.

Carmelo shouted, "No, the lights, look!" Cesare ran forward, thrusting Carmelo aside, cursing savagely.

"Another has gone out!" Brasi shrilled. There was amusement in his excited voice.

"Be quiet, fool," the father shouted hoarsely and strode forward, and stood a dozen paces nearer the sea.

"Two more," Carmelo said, under his breath, hushed by his father's unintelligible behavior. The lights went out in twos and threes, rapidly, until only four were burning. The father stood there, weeping loudly, horribly blaspheming. The traditional substitutions were not used. The father heaped filth upon God, the Virgin's womb, the Blessed Sacrament, the body and blood of Christ and his redeeming cross, shrieking in a voice that wept and despaired. They caught a momentary glimpse of a dimmer light that winked rapidly as it approached the last four lights.

"The pinnace, the cursed pinnace, has gone out to give them the news," the father screamed. "It was true, true, true! Ah God, dear God," he sobbed, "the rumor was true. That cursed Romagnole who betrayed us long ago! He had a cursed dagger in his hand and now he's stabbed his own people in the back."

"Father," Brasi wavered, "what is the matter, Father?" Carmelo stood motionless, not understanding the meaning of the extinguished lights and his father's woe.

The four lamps went out. Blackness lay in front of them, stretching away into the far distance. The stars alone shone, scattering their faint light upon the sea.

"Ay, ay," the father wailed. "My little son, my little one, my little son, come here to me."

"Father," Brasi called in a quavering voice, "here I am."

"No, no, not you! Carmelo, my little Carmelo." They saw him fall upon his knees. They heard the blows of his fists upon his forehead and a fresh torrent of hideous blasphemies. Carmelo ran forward. The father's arm dragged him to his knees. "My little son, oh, my little one," the father said and dragged Carmelo into his fierce embrace. His face was wet. He pressed kisses upon Carmelo, and for a moment he did not sob. Then his forehead was thrust violently against the son's head, and his embrace became desperate.

"My little son," he moaned.

"Father," Carmelo choked, "what is it?" The father did not speak. Behind them, as they knelt locked in one another's arms, they heard Brasi begin to weep. For a few moments the father was calm.

"What is to be will be. I swear by God's sacrament it shall be," he said grimly. Then he lifted his head and shrieked terrible oaths against all the rulers of men. Again his passion became cold, and with grim fury he said, "By God's Mother and her Son, I am finished. They shall pay, too."

[*To be continued next week*]

CONTRIBUTORS

J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO, Foreign Minister of the Spanish Republic during the civil war, is one of the founders of the anti-fascist journal *Free World*.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* chief European correspondent, has just returned from England.

RALPH BATES is the author of "The Fields of Paradise" and other books.

EVELYN SMITH is an organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR is professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary.

LOUISE BOGAN, poetry critic of the *New Yorker*, has just published a book entitled "Poems and New Poems."

FELIZIA SEYD is the author of "Romantic Rebel: The Life and Times of George Sand." She is a Swiss citizen.

DAVID W. PETEGORSKY is a young Canadian writer who has contributed to the *Antioch Review*, the *New Republic*, and other publications.

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